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CORNHILL MAGAZINE

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JULY
1936

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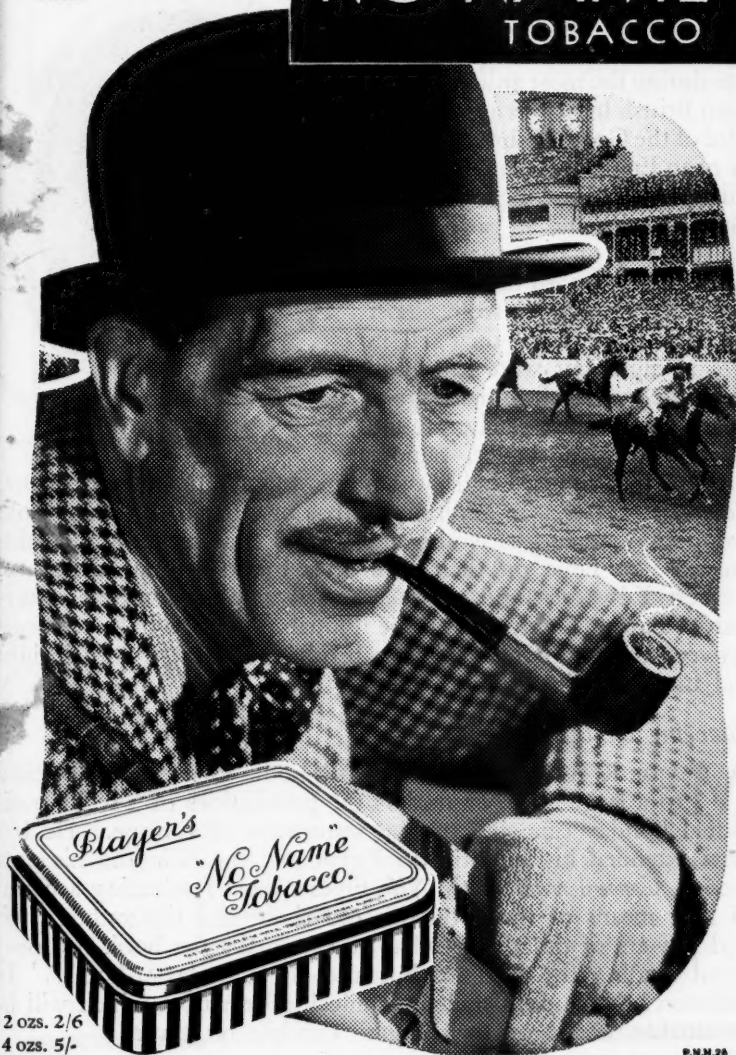


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BOOK NOTES FOR JULY

A Great Man's Wife

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, who died while defending the Residency at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny, has long been in the ranks of the famous, but few people have heard of his wife Honoria, who, though predeceasing him, was an invaluable companion to him during the most arduous years when British India was a mere fragment of the Great Peninsula. The life of an English wife in India then, usually meant life-long exile, constant ill-health and an early death, but the story of their married life is an amazing record of matrimonial felicity which grew from a most romantic beginning—they fell in love at sight but were forced to wait nine years before marriage—into something extremely rare and lovely and Mrs. Diver, famous novelist that she is, catches the whole essence of her great-aunt, *Honoria Lawrence*. In addition she has brought to life the whole group of Lawrence's 'young men,' who first served under him and rose to fame on their own great merits—John Nicholson, Herbert Edwardes, and, more especially, John Lawrence, afterwards Baron Lawrence of the Punjab. The whole relations between the two equally famous brothers is treated with insight and understanding of both men.



HONORIA MARSHALL, AGED 27.
(AFTERWARDS LADY LAWRENCE).

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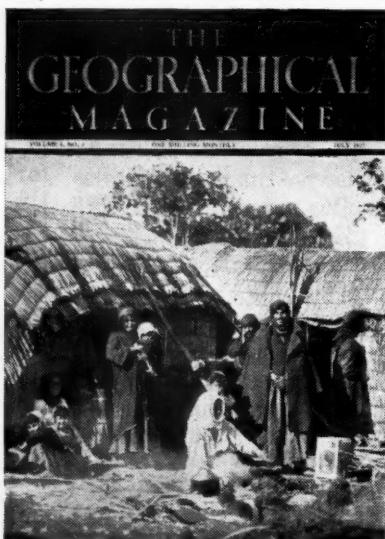
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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY 1936.

GRAN TURISMO.

BY A. K. WICKHAM.

RECENT events have once again thrown Central Europe into prominence. Here, where Slav, Latin and Teuton mingle and clash, lie the worst of Europe's political problems, but the interest of this region is not exhausted by politics. The political storm was clearly brewing in Italy a year ago and could be seen by anyone with eyes, although it was strangely invisible to our Government or criminally ignored by our Foreign Office: it was a black and menacing cloud, but it was fairly distant still, and it lay on one horizon only: one cursed and turned one's back on it. Moreover, one might have been permitted the doubt whether in the end the Italians had so great a power to disturb the world and themselves, or whether we should let ourselves be so greatly disturbed for their sake. Something else all over Italy and far beyond it was more constant and ubiquitous and gave some consistency to a journey whose itinerary was in the main shaped by the common motives of the tourist, art and country.

This thing was the Roman Catholic Church, whose ultimate strength does not lie in the brilliance of its statesmen but in its hold over the common people. The devotion which in six countries it inspires in them, by arts both new and old, was one of my chief impressions last summer. My route was roughly as follows:

Through northern France and Switzerland to the Carrara region (near Spezia); thence through Florence and Siena to Umbria; to Rome for the Canonisation of More and Fisher (this was my only definite religious objective); a month in Umbria and the Marches (it was in the inn at Urbino that I overheard my modest travels ironically described by the words which form the title to this account); thence through Venice over the Tarvis across Austria to the Danube at Melk; Vienna; Lake Balaton; Budapest; the Hungarian Puzta; the Tatra Mountains of Slovakia; a raid into Poland at Krakow; Prague; across Central Germany through Verdun to Paris for the last day of the Italian Exhibition; a first visit to the battlefields since the War, and home. A hundred days. The ground which I covered is large, the time short, and my im-

pressions perhaps superficial, but here, for what they are worth, are some of the scenes which come to my mind.

On two evenings, at a time when our English crowds fill the cinemas, the Italian cinemas were empty. On a Wednesday in Lent there was only standing room in the Cathedral at Cremona at a service for the children who were to be confirmed next day. A Dominican preacher of extraordinary eloquence was the evident attraction. He spoke at great length on 'l'amore di Dio' and, although his arguments were commonplace in the extreme, his energy and gestures—they were quite unusual even in Italy—were visibly applauded. With a flourish of triumph he would uncover his platitudes in places where from the start one had seen him conceal them. He was very fat, and the pauses (some of those 'absolutely necessary pauses') in which he craved the indulgence of his hearers while he mopped his brow and neck were not the least popular parts of his discourse, for popular it undoubtedly was. The Church can still gratify the Italian taste for oratory and Italian preaching has resources well suited to an ingenuous people. I have been told how at a little town in the Carrara district it was the custom during Lent to set up an extra pulpit in the church. In it was placed a priest vested to represent the devil, whose arguments against the Faith were demolished by the parroco from the pulpit opposite to the delight of the congregation. In the Duomo at Florence some years ago when the fear and memory of the Austrians was still strong, I heard a preacher use a similar but more subtle device well calculated to enlist patriotism also on his side. He told how before the War he had studied at the Austrian university of Graz and how he had disputed with an agnostic professor there. This man he now revived to fill the rôle of *advocatus diaboli*, and rebutted each of his arguments triumphantly, beginning each crushing blow with the ironical address 'O egregio professore di Grazi,' in that case, can you tell me, O illustrious professor of Graz. . . .

Cremona, where the fat Dominican was so eloquent on this evening in Lent, is an industrial city in the Lombard Plain. I happened to be in Tolentino, a remote mountain town in the Marches, on the Feast of the Ascension. This is a place chiefly known for its patron saint, San Nicola, and for the shrine in his church there which is richly decorated with some interesting fourteenth-century frescoes which I had come to see. S. Nicola's sanctity and miracles are of a very conventional order, but his

cult appears to have had recently a remarkable revival. From my room in the inn on the outskirts of the town I saw fireworks going up on the hillside opposite. A band was playing and everyone was streaming out in that direction. I followed and found them collected about a dull little chapel, built about 1850, on the side of the road. There was only room for a few worshippers inside at a time, but these were elbowing each other in and out continually, and rendering their devotions before a sacred oleographic type of picture of the Virgin. The rockets were going up cheerfully on the other side of the road, and, right up against the chapel windows within five or six yards of the sacred picture and its devotees, a brass band played lively secular tunes with extreme loudness and vigour. It was one of those minglings of the worldly and the divine which come to Italians with a charming naturalness and which, despite every warning, surprise our northern susceptibilities and our departmental minds. Of this I was witness of an example in S. Peter's itself at the most solemn part in one of the most pompous ceremonies of the world, a Papal Mass at a Canonisation. The Pope was beneath the dome between Bernini's twisted columns surrounded by the glittering vestments of the cardinals, bishops and priests of all degrees, and of the long files of the Noble Guard. Two priests coming from opposite directions, whose duties took them to some tables at the side of the altar, happened to meet; they had, I suppose, not seen each other for some days, for they shook each other warmly by the hand, and, within a few feet of the Vicar of Christ, and within view of some thousands of the faithful, they pleasantly passed the time of day for a minute or two before resuming their sacred functions.

It was good for an Englishman who never loved Henry VIII to see the supreme honours paid to the most illustrious of his victims, and that especially at a time when elsewhere the totalitarian state is again attacking the liberties of the Church and of conscience. It was amusing too to attend a reception given by our minister at the Vatican in honour of the event, and to see him also among the official congregation in S. Peter's. If Henry VIII did no penance at the shrine—how one would have liked to see that—at least his successor has made polite amends four hundred years later. I had expected and hoped that the celebration of this event would be worthy of the occasion, but I was disappointed. The principal actors are after all Italians, and where many Italians appear formally in public there are always many elements of

bathos. The one which I have described was not alone. Many of the cardinals are far from impressive and one of them seemed to be a popular figure of fun. As he sang the 'ite, missa est,' his voice continually cracked and there was an audible titter among the vast congregation. The service too is prodigiously long. The Gospel, for instance, is said both in Latin and in Greek, and, except for the time when the trumpets in the dome announce the Consecration, there is hardly any music other than unaccompanied Gregorian singing. The only organ would hardly do justice to a large English parish church. It is strange that our Anglican ritual should be almost entirely musical while that of the Italians is chiefly visual, although it is commonly thought that the Italians are more musical, and we have what I may be forgiven for calling a better parade value. Only once in an Italian church have I found any pleasure in their singing. It was an unforgettable experience to hear the Creed chanted in the Lower Church at Assisi. Here at last was a perfect reverence, a perfect training and a perfect setting.

It seems still true to-day that it is not in Rome or nearest it that one has the finest impression of the Roman Church. I have never attended any of the more important provincial Festivals or Pardons like those at Assisi or Palermo where devotion is said to rise to ecstasy, which have so often been described, and by no one better than by Gregorovius, who saw them during the last years of the old régime. By all accounts they flourish still. In such festivals as I have seen the element of the popular holiday has predominated. That of S. Catherine of Siena, for instance, when her street is richly decorated with flags, an altar is placed across the road opposite her house and visitors throng the very snug little home where every room now seems to be fitted up as a chapel: or best of all, S. Ubaldo of Gubbio. It may interest or sadden those who remember the charming story of S. Francis and the wolf of that town to learn that only a few years ago wolves ate one of its postmen. Gubbio is one of the most perfect of medieval cities. It is very small, built on the steep side of a mountain, and on ordinary days, as I found when I went again later, it is empty and deserted, but on the feast of the patron saint they are all mad, 'sono tutti matti', in Gubbio, as I was told in Fano. S. Ubaldo was a bishop of theirs in the twelfth century, led their armies to battle and won an astonishing number of victories. On the Festival there is a fair and circus at the foot of the hill. A

man with a large snake twirled round him invited us to see his beast being fed. It was, he said, a very valuable educational and scientific experience and we were lucky, as it only fed once in a month or so, but then it ate a lot. The food offered was a live guinea-pig of the Abyssinian sort which I used to keep as pets as a child. I was incredulous or nastily curious enough to pay my lira and I wish I hadn't. This ought to be stopped, I thought, as I came away. Had the Anglo-Irish woman whom I met a month later in Ravenna been there she would have gone to the Carabinieri, to the Prefetto, to Mussolini himself. She gave me a great admiration for our people. She was shocked, and quite rightly, by the way in which the poultry and lambs are tied up in the market after sale and she would not leave until she had a promise of an improvement from the head of the Police, and this at a time when the Italian Press was filling with abuse and mockery of the pretensions and hypocrisy of the English. But if she could read it, she took no notice, and she treated the Italians just as we have always treated them in the past, like children or natives. Her courage astonished me, her insensitiveness to all but the sufferings of animals even more.

To return to S. Ubaldo. I was in Gubbio for the Festa dei Ceri, the day when they are all mad in Gubbio. There were large crowds in the straight streets along the hillside and they collected mostly round three heavy cone-shaped standards on the tops of each of which was the brightly painted figure of a saint. Each of these standards or *ceri* presently came whirling into the principal square where on one side a breastwork overlooks a little cup in the mountains. On the other they rise steeply behind. The *Ceri* were led by a mounted swordsman and each carried by some twenty men. They circled three times round the centre of the piazza amid great applause and then went away up the hillside, S. Ubaldo's *cero* naturally leading. It is supposed to be a race, but as the paths are not only steep but very narrow, to pass would be impossible, and it was generally admitted and desired that S. Ubaldo, who always started first, should always win. The goal is a chapel some four hundred feet up, and from the piazza below we could follow the little mitred figure, its cloak fluttering in the wind, being hustled in and out of the trees and round the corners until it emerged by the platform by the chapel and the bells began ringing.

Another victory for S. Ubaldo, and doubtless many more guinea-

pigs had been sacrificed below in the service of enlightenment and science. An hour or so before the race began we had entered the cathedral. The bishop and some dozen clergy were at benediction. The service was conducted with meticulous ritual. The golden vestments were superb; the congregation curiously absent.

One of many other Italian ceremonies which I have seen I must mention, for it seemed to be continuing all the time I was in Siena and was very popular. Each May the favourite image of one of the *contrade* of the city is exposed on a special altar in the middle of the Duomo. Small children are brought to be placed before it and other objects too. A Franciscan stands there and a ceaseless stream of little brats and of parcels of all sizes, containing heaven knows what, is handed up to him. He lifts each of them before the image, makes the sign of the cross with them and gives the children a relic to kiss. This ceremony was pleasantly and reverently conducted.

The variety of the rites and the local practices of the Church in Italy is undoubtedly one cause of her appeal to Italians, as it is of her attraction to foreigners. In our own Church the monotony and uniformity of ceremony stands in unpleasing contrast to the enterprise and multiplicity of doctrine. Even though Russia was Holy Russia once and is now the country of the anti-God museums, I cannot see Italy going the same way, as some fear if Fascism collapses. To put it at its lowest, the organisation of the Church is much stronger and is much less dependent on the State. Moreover, something of patriotic pride now comes to this great Italian institution. Even since the Lateran Treaty, which many think has made the connection much too close and whose value to Mussolini is now so obvious, the Pope has been at pains to assert the Church's rights and independent existence. I should not say the clergy are popular—I have seen evidence to the contrary; but they are an essential element in society and there are many who think that they are its best and most intelligent members. Certainly I have seen a few who have all the marks of saintly or exceptional men, among them Pius XI himself and above all the Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli.

When one comes over the Tarvis from Italy into Austria one is aware of one of the real frontiers of the nations. Almost instantly the country is fresher and homelier, and the people also, despite all their misfortunes, are opener, happier and friendlier.

They are bigger, both in body and soul. The Italian dominance in Austria is certainly one of the most unnatural features in the present European polity, and the extreme unpopularity of the Italians, which is not allowed to show in the Press, is enough in itself to explain sympathy for the Nazis.

The sufferings and indignities of the Tyrolese at the hands of the Italians are well known to the world. Many of them were sent to fight Mussolini's battles in Abyssinia. In these hundred years since Metternich and Radetzky the wheel has indeed come full cycle. The Austrian people remember the Tyrol and cannot respect a Government which rests on Italian bayonets. What popular support this Government has comes from the Church, and I doubt whether the Church will gain in the end from the alliance, even with the aid of its martyr Dolfuss, whose shrines—it is hardly too much to call them that—are in most of the churches and are not unattended by worshippers. Dolfussplatz is as common in Austria as Adolf Hitlerstrasse in Germany. Austria is, I suppose, in accordance with its long traditions, still the most clerical country in Europe with the possible exception of Ireland. Even after the fall of the Hapsburgs, the Church still has power and wealth. The most able and long-lived Chancellor in the Republic was a priest, and bishops and abbots are still among the greatest powers in the land. Some of the most imposing or most beautiful buildings in the country are the great eighteenth-century abbeys like Melk, Klosterneuberg, Gottweig or Altenburg. When I visited Altenburg, it was evident that the troubles of Austria had not seriously touched this exquisite oasis. On a hot June afternoon I approached it from the Danube along execrable roads and through some poverty-stricken villages, but the Abbey lies like some sleeping beauty behind a thick belt of forest and is secure in the possession of this and other wide lands beyond. Except that the home farm was busy and workmen were repairing the roofs, there was everywhere an admirable peace. The church and all the domestic buildings were freshly cleaned and painted. The library, which is the loveliest pearl of the rococo style, contains a six-foot unicorn's horn which, I was told, was found in the forest near. In this fairy atmosphere I could almost believe it. There was a room over the entrance gate which was gaily painted and furnished like a French salon. This is used for what is called the Wedding Festival of the young monks. When they take their vows they invite to the Feast the bride whom they have deserted

or renounced and then take leave of her for ever. What a scene for tears and tragedy in the manner of de Musset or Gottfried Keller! Beyond this room, to revert to my simile of the sleeping beauty, the Abbot was asleep in his parlour, but when I visited Melk, which rises proudly above the Danube in a worldlier position, the Abbot was away in Vienna on affairs of State. The most popular place of pilgrimage in Austria is Mariazell. Like Lisieux, Loreto, or, I imagine, Lourdes, it abounds in all the horrors of such spots where nothing venerable or beautiful, nothing but the devotion or credulity of the faithful, commends them. Externally they have the atmosphere of Cheddar or Weston-super-Mare, and the *objets de piété* with which the stalls outside the churches are hung are aesthetically no better than the souvenirs from those places. Moreover, the means of transport to them are now the same and, as of old, they attract wealth. The treasury at Mariazell sparkles with gold and jewelled thankofferings: not only crosses and relics but watches, necklaces and tiaras, which must be of enormous value. Even the Porziuncula at Assisi has recently been further vulgarised from the same source by the addition of a vast, pompous and ill-fitting façade.

I was in Budapest on the feast of Corpus Christi. The Hungarians are predominantly a Catholic people, though both among the Magyars and their former subject peoples the Slovaks there are some curious outliers of Protestantism. The farthest, I suppose, to the East if the German Colonies in Russia be excepted. Debreczen, a severe little town in the middle of the Puzta, the plain of East Hungary, is known as the Protestant Rome. The Magyars give every sign of taking their religion, like everything else, seriously, and on Sunday the churches are crowded by men even more than by women. On Corpus Christi the Host is carried from S. Stephen's through the streets of Buda attended by the chief officers of State, who for their gorgeous and barbaric costume I assumed to be of the famous Magnates. Soldiers in steel helmets present arms and a military band plays as the Sacrament leaves the church. On the Sunday within the Octave we were at Eger, a little town at the foot of the few hills left to Hungary. It possesses a large classical cathedral and relics of a fortress with heroic memories of defence against the Turks long after the rest of the country had been subdued. Here too there was a procession through the streets, with halts at several altars erected at the doors of the houses and decorated with green boughs. There was a

solemn dignity about these functions as there is in this people altogether which induces at once a real sympathy and respect. I hold no brief for the old monarchy, for I consider that its policy and its continued existence was more than any other single cause responsible for the last war; but its two ruling races are to me the most likeable peoples on the Continent. They are both of them most friendly to Englishmen, and, for all I know, to all foreigners: the Austrians effusively, the Magyars naturally and courteously.

From Northern Hungary we crossed Slovakia into Poland. At this point, in the very beautiful region of the Tatra mountains, this strangely shaped new State is less than sixty miles in width and can be traversed in a long afternoon. 'Very difficult frontiers to defend,' I said to my hotel proprietor—'sie sind überhaupt nicht zu verteidigen'—they simply cannot be defended—he answered, with a satisfaction that openly revealed his Hungarian sympathies. I had long wished to see the churches of Krakow and the burial-places of the Polish Kings, and to set foot at least on the threshold of Eastern Europe. This is an ambition which for the motorist can only be realised with discomfort, expense and anxiety, and perhaps for that reason I formed no flattering opinion of the Polish people, and the more so inasmuch as in the country districts one's only communication can be with the Jews, who alone keep the shops (it reminded me of the Indian shopkeepers in East Africa) and alone speak German. Who in the world without perverted tastes, boundless leisure or some peculiar commercial incentive would learn Polish, or for that matter Magyar, Czech or Slovak? One result of the disappearance of the old monarchy is the decline of German, the 'lingua franca' of the middle classes. It was no uncommon experience to find the father or the grandfather brought out from the back of the shop to speak to one. The younger generation can only speak the native language, and this linguistic isolation is a curious and unsatisfactory result of the growth of democracy in these parts. The Jews, even more than the roads, are the reminder that when one crosses the Polish frontier, one has one foot in the East; the Roman Church keeps one's other foot in the West. Even the young Jews, both in Krakow and in the country, wear the black caftan, black cap, long black beards and ringlets at the forehead. I understand that Poland has no sumptuary law which compels this custom, but I can imagine none so provocative of the pogrom. The percentage

of Jews in Poland is over 10 per cent. ; in Germany, according to Nazi statistics, only between 1-2 per cent.

At Krakow, in order to see the tombs of the kings which are, after Westminster Abbey, the finest series in Europe, I had also to see the corpse of Pilsudski lying-in-state some months after his death under glass in the crypt of the cathedral on the Wawel. This was the most treacherous as well as the coarsest and the most arbitrary of the Dictators. On attaining power he threw his former Socialist friends into prison, and later deserted his allies the French, to whom he owed everything, in order to compound with Hitler. Time will show the wisdom or otherwise of this policy. While he lived he did what he liked with Poland, and now pilgrimages are organised from all over the enormous land to the national shrine, where this professed Marxian Socialist rests in company with Ladislas Jagellon, Jan Sobieski, the saviour of Christendom, and the other Catholic kings.

I was in Krakow on the last day of the Octave of Corpus Christi. The Church is powerful enough to forbid any work to be done on that day, to the professed and, I think, sincere indignation of the mechanics who were mending, or, as I found out later, further rending my car. They complained that these religious or political holidays were much too numerous. In the evening enormous crowds filled the streets chanting and following the Host with evident devotion and pausing again, as we had seen in Hungary, at several house-door altars. As they came into the great central square of the town, with the tall Gothic church in the middle, another and more ragged procession was entering from the other end. This was the *lajkonik* or hobby-horse man who provides light relief on this occasion. He came prancing along in a mock old-style Jewish costume, the mob teasing and jeering at him, and anyone whom he hit with his jester's ball had to contribute a coin to his box. I could not discover whether he is in reality a Jew, but the office is hereditary in a family of the name of Myciuski. In Rome for two hundred years the Jews had once a year to run races through the streets for the edifying of the faithful. Another scene at this festival I shall not easily forget. In a baroque church near the university and the statue of Copernicus little girls were preceding the Sacrament as it was carried round the nave, dancing and scattering the petals of flowers before it. This is my most attractive memory of Poland.

Slovakia, for I now return there, is a country of peasants who

still, and not on Sundays only, wear their rich and coloured national dress. Among the long yellow stretches of mustard fields, which look like a coloured quilt stretched out before the mountains behind, one sees many bright red patches where the women are at work. We saw them too in Prague striding lustily in unending files down the chief street waving banners and shouting cheerfully 'long live the Catholic Church,' at least they all said 'katolicky,' and I presume the rest meant that. We had arrived at the time of a National Catholic Congress. An altar, in very modern style as befits Prague, at the head of the widest street, an open-air Mass with loudspeakers and massed choirs in the enormous stadium, and the old state coaches of the Hapsburgs brought out, to the admiration and amusement of the crowd, from the museum to carry the Cardinal Legate (the Archbishop of Paris), and the Archbishops of Vienna and Olmütz. Our hotel porter said we should have been more impressed by the Sokol's performance on this same spot a year or two before, but I doubt it. In the stadium the Papal Indulgence was pronounced in the six languages of the country, Czech, Slovak, German, Polish, Magyar and Ruthene, for this state is a League of Nations in itself, and its religious history and present composition are among the most complicated and interesting in Europe; the Czechs were Protestant one hundred years before the Reformation and completely Catholic one hundred years after it, as a result of a successful persecution. The State contains to-day the interesting historical survivals of the Moravian, the Utraquist and the Uniate communities, and experienced soon after the War a strong but unsuccessful anti-Papal movement among its Catholic clergy, including the claim to be allowed matrimony. In the Tatra Region several of these influences, religious and political, seem to converge—most of the shopkeeping class speak three languages of entirely different roots, Magyar, Slovak and German, and now feel some grievance at having to learn Czech as well.

If Roman Catholicism is as strong as ever on its eastern fringes, and even hopes in the weakness of the Orthodox Church to extend its sway into Russia, it is in Germany that at the present day its action is most interesting and most fateful. It is Germany which alone matters in this, as in everything. More than a third of Germany is Catholic. The Church is strong and alive. It was the only force which defeated Bismarck, and its political organ, the Centre Party, held the balance of power throughout the Re-

publican era. The Nazis dissolved the Centre Party, but they have gone further, for their doctrines are an open challenge not merely to the political but also to the spiritual life of Catholics with which the philosophy which they preach or patronise is completely incompatible. When even the Lutheran Christians, whose whole history and tradition is one of political subservience, rebel and prepare to suffer persecution, how much stronger and more determined must be the resistance of the proud and disciplined forces of Rome. Religious struggles develop slowly, but it seems that only a foreign war can avert a second *Kulturkampf* within the next few years. So far the clergy are the only Germans who have dared openly to criticise the Nazi régime, and the most damning denunciation of it which I know is contained in the Lenten sermons of Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich. Since these were delivered in 1934 the situation has not altered for the better. Some signs of the coming storm I heard on the day after I crossed the Bavarian frontier. A priest was preaching on the martyrdom of S. Ignatius, and the sternness of his manner and the openness of his allusions left no doubt as to his meaning. Meanwhile the old peasant devotions and cult continue. I went on a sunny day in July to see the lovely rococo church of Vierzehnheiligen. When the hay harvest is over the peasants from far and near come on pilgrimage here to the shrine of the Fourteen Helpers. The church is crowded. At intervals little groups led by priests with asperges and attendants with censers came down the western steps, wandered a short way through the fields and returned. Those who were not at their devotions were playing with children, eating, drinking beer at the foot of the great flight of steps below the façade. It was a scene for Breughel. No one should condemn the rococo style until he has seen the interior of Vierzehnheiligen and the library of Altenburg when their gay colours are flooded in the summer sun. From the gallery above it the shrine of the Fourteen Helpers with its canopy looks like nothing so much as a fairy coach standing ready to carry all its worshippers away into paradise. When the Mass was over a priest explained the building to the pilgrims. He pointed to the clear bright tints of the fantastically twisting walls and the frescoed ceilings, and said how these all represented the happiness of paradise, which in fact would be like this. In the inn outside a man told me how in the days before 'buses and cheap excursions his mother and many like her would get up before sunrise and walk from twenty miles away for this

pilgrimage and then back again, dead with exhaustion, all through the next night. Their faith gave them the strength, but it was much easier for them now.

One other picture, from France. On a dusty road in Lorraine at the foot of a little hill by a stream, I came suddenly upon a band of fifteen or twenty women marching along with banners and hymns, very hot, and with large bundles on their backs. In a moment I had passed them out of sight round the corner. This was a last sudden glimpse of those popular movements which, unsought, I had found over so wide an area, which were all inspired by the continued devotion of men to the oldest power of our civilisation, the Catholic Church. In the present state of Europe when the new barbarism led by the national dictators menaces all our culture and security, a menace beside which that of communism is insignificant, I think it a great mistake either to underrate or to fear the influence of this great international force whose interests in so many ways are those of all civilised men. We may deplore or deride the fact that the Pope has not openly supported the cause of the League against his own country and is as powerless as ever to stop wars between nations, even between Catholic nations. We may hope for a Papacy where the Italian element is at last reduced to a proper proportion and for a Pope who will fill a more heroic conception of the rôle of the Vicar of Christ. Perhaps one day these hopes may be realised, but, however that may be, this fact remains: the Church is still a power which commands the allegiance of millions; moreover, when it is attacked it knows how to defend itself, and is in the end not often beaten. It is at its strongest in defensive warfare, and the totalitarian state which claims the unique devotion of its subjects, allowing no real place for Church, family or individual conscience, must eventually bring its challenge to the issue of war, particularly in Germany. With a welcome directness, impossible to any European statesman, President Roosevelt has lately denounced the dictators and all that they imply as the principal cause of the world's uneasiness. So long as these idols are set up on high, there can be no security for liberty, for justice or for peace. In their downfall the League of Nations, the British Empire, the Catholic Church and many other forces as well, have a common interest, and for this reason should develop an increasing mutual sympathy.

HEDGEHOG HARVEST.

BY PHYLLIS KELWAY.

THE old fable that a hedgehog stole apples by climbing a tree, falling upon the ripe fruit beneath, and walking off proudly with a number of apples spiked upon her back, has not yet worn thin in certain districts. In the West Country, where the zider apple grows, Hedgehog apparently still conducts moonlight robberies in the orchards. I expect a Somerset 'furze-pig' has a reputation for her professional knowledge of wealthy Blenheims, yellow-chequered Russets and rosy Cox's Orange Pippins. Many a time I have seen her nose-diving beneath a magnificent apple that lay partially covered by the lush green grass of a moist orchard. Caught thus, her actions look suspicious, but foolish is he who imagines for one moment that Hedgehog is contemplating apple tart. Fallen fruit is often scarred by wasps, and in these wounds small slugs find an appetising meal until a hedgehog discovers that apple-crammed slugs are excellent eating. This supposed longing for a vegetarian diet is quite easy to understand, for hedgehogs love a damp orchard, knowing well from instinct, arising from hunger, that most of the fatter creepy-crawlies prefer a mackintosh to a sunshade.

Assertions are made and repeated about Hedgehog which very much upset my own conceptions of her behaviour. Nevertheless, I would not dare to contradict. I have vainly appealed without the slightest sign of obedience to numbers of hedgehogs to eat one mouthful of fruit—pear, apple, melon, plum. If some day *one* hedgehog swallowed a pip I should certainly be surprised, but my amazement would not be of the knock-me-down-with-a-feather variety. With live creatures anything is within the bounds of possibility. Europeans do not dine off human flesh, yet there are such beings as cannibals. Hedgehogs have been seen with their heads fixed in old fruit tins left by picnickers, but the spinoza must necessarily be curious in her maraudings—even among the disgraceful leavings of untidy trippers—and this proves nothing. Likewise, my scores of insectivorous hedgehogs do not prove that an occasional individual with advanced ideas does not appear in a

generation. The great Fabre says that the hedgehog sometimes eats rotten fruit. . . . Oh, absent-minded Hedgehog!

Some time ago I wrote an article on hedgehogs which was found to be too short at the last moment before going to press. To lengthen it, a paragraph was written up in the magazine's office, the gist of which, taken from a good dictionary, unfortunately stated that part of the hedgehog's food consisted of freshly dug roots. People quite often ask me if it is right to feed their hedgehogs on swedes, apples and hay, and I sincerely hope that the paragraph did not send forth such folk to dig up new potatoes, turnips or carrots; if so, it was a death-blow to many a pet hedgehog.

Not long ago I read that a hedgehog had been seen eating mushrooms. I think it likely that here again she was searching for insects which cling to the eaves of a mushroom roof. If she were a youthful hedgehog, perhaps she had seen the Caterpillar smoking his hookah upon the milk-white table-top of his favourite toadstool, but she should have left him to his quiet meditation and smoke clouds, and refrained from upsetting the seat of an historic gentleman.

Men giving their last penny to a dog will cruelly slay a hedgehog suspected of tasting a mushroom. Somehow, I feel that Hedgehog is not the sort of creature to get her sense of values mixed. She is of the Insectivora. Members of this grand Order may enjoy great variety of food, not necessarily insects, but I have yet to find a hedgehog who would sit down to a vegetarian supper with a good grace.

One evening last summer two of my hedgehogs were scrounging among the delphiniums in a herbaceous border. They were never quiet on slug expeditions; every find was signalled by a volley of grunts. 'Grunt' is an expressive word, a word walking in sweet company with the pig. You know well of the naughty ragged things that creep into a human grunt: disgust, annoyance, irritation, disagreement, feelings that must not be shown in polite society. Whether hedgehogs talk to one another or not I cannot say, but actual speech would seem totally unnecessary when they have this medium of conversation. A grunt is often a happy sound signifying complete satisfaction with the world and its ways. When you become intimate with animals you learn that here is a language understood by all, a kind of Esperanto which suffices for ordinary social meetings, although it is always somewhat one-sided. To talk with any wild creature is a privilege, and after all, a one-sided conversation is by no means uncommon in our own drawing-rooms.

I am content to listen to Hedgehog's homely remarks in silence ; she, without doubt, prefers it that way, and as her topics and methods of expressing them are infinitely more in touch with nature than mine could ever hope to be, it is a mutually satisfactory arrangement.

When the grunts of the hedgehogs have gone through the delphiniums, through the stocky *Campanula glomerata*, and beyond to the forefront where the gentian-blue phacelia is striving to hold its own against overwhelming odds, I know that the garden will be a freer place before half an hour has passed. For at the end of June the delphiniums are well away beyond the power of slugs, and the purple *glomerata* is too old-fashioned to spend the night with dusky-coated gentlemen, but phacelia——! Admittedly, phacelia is rather crotchety from birth, liking neither the heat of the greenhouse nor the dampness of the ground outside, and when you hope that it really has pulled itself together, then the slugs step in and carry all before them. So the empty inverted rinds of grape-fruits have set up their yellow tents in the borders in order to entice the slugs within. My hedgehogs soon discovered that the delphiniums yielded little prey, while grape-fruit never failed to produce something exciting.

Our garden is honoured by several species of slug, some of them extraordinarily beautiful in suitable surroundings—if such could be found for as lowly a creature as the slug, and others with more character than loveliness. Of the latter, that slithery object, the Field Slug (*Limax agrestis*), causes tremendous havoc among young seedlings. If you try to pick him from the marigolds he rolls helplessly to the ground, and disappears miraculously among the leaves, or if you manage to push him on to a trowel, he contrives somehow to roll off. A hopeless individual, small of his kind, and like many an apparently harmless one, extremely irritating. The hedgehogs agreed with me heartily on the subject, for as soon as they seized a Field Slug, they discovered a milky substance covering their black noses which upset their equilibrium for some minutes. Nevertheless, the taste was evidently enjoyable ; all hedgehogs quite like Field Slug on the menu if they are not required to eat too many at one sitting.

Another slug retiring to the grape-fruit for the daytime is that small dark creature with an orange 'foot,' the Garden Slug (*Orion hortensis*). Beyond the ordinary sluggy stickiness, this tough-skinned customer is an easy victim, and hedgehogs devour him with relish. The bulk of food that a hedgehog requires before her hunger

is appeased is surprising, and from the point of view of the gardener wholly excellent.

Three other slugs slink from doubtful seats in the unmortared stone of a wall. Each is different, very large, and distinctly opulent in appearance. The Black Slug, looking most distinguished in immaculate evening dress, minus the boiled shirt, parades the orchard among the fallen fruit, but is not amiss to suspicious nightly adventures in the garden. Hedgehogs will eat him when nothing else offers, pawing him angrily and half-burying him in the soil, and finally, after a great to-do, coming to grips with his bulky form. Next we have the Brown Slug dressed in a golden-yellow suit, who eats Shirley poppies with great rapidity and the flowers of Iris. We have also a wonderful sleek individual in grey marked with dark streaks, who seems to prefer the neighbourhood of water. Our gardens often groan under the tyranny of the last three monsters, usually less in number than the smaller species, but more conspicuous. Death comes to them when young or leaves them to a ripe old age, and I think that hedgehogs will often pass by the old staggers if other food is available. Gamekeepers may wag their heads over stolen pheasants' eggs, but while Hedgehog fills her tummy with the small swarthy marauders that practise the art of camouflage so cleverly on the dark soil, then we gardeners have no quarrel with her. Slugs may come and slugs may go, but despite our excursions to squash and kill when the sun is set, slugs go on for ever. If Hedgehog can diminish the numbers of the pests, then good luck to her! Only I wish she would extend her activities to roses, and begin her dinner with Greenfly *hors d'œuvres*.

At night, hundreds of harmful grubs and insects appear from nowhere to feast in lowly company upon our most high and mighty. In daylight we do not see the creatures unless we are unusually curious and energetic with spade and trowel, but Hedgehog knows all about them long before she is born. They mean to her the difference between a life of contentment and a life of irritation and poverty.

We tire of insecticides, of the evil Paris Green, of hand-picking creepy-crawlies, of drowning things in salt and water, and snipping them horribly with garden scissors. The whole business is revolting but inevitable. Yet hedgehogs, most exacting of hunters, most capable slugicides, grubicides and beetle-ines, still hang upon gibbets in gruesome company to haunt the woodland as terrifying examples of what an animal may not do. Gamekeeper and gardener. . . .

Sad it is that gardeners too have their own burial grounds—not a gibbet above royal-headed pæonies, but earth to earth, ashes to ashes. . . .

What harm can a hedgehog do in a garden? What crimes may she commit among our precious lilies that have taken so many years to get established? Disaster may befall the white Madonnas and seedlings, but Hedgehog is not the culprit.

As a guest of the garden I cannot think of any serious charge against the little spinoza unless it be her occasional taste for eggs. Should she come by chance upon a pipit's nest, or that of a skylark or robin, laying on or near the ground, then she may be tempted, and if tempted will surely fall. The temptation probably does not rest in the fact that eggs are before her, easy to snatch and gobble at a mouthful, rich and yolky and yellow, but in an unprofitable evening—and therefore in her hunger. I cannot believe that Hedgehog is as devoted to omelette as we are frequently told. That she is found sometimes at a ravaged clutch of pheasants' or partridges' eggs is indisputable, but I have left six freshly laid sparrows' eggs in a summer-house for a week with five hedgehogs as occupants, and the shells were unbroken at the end of that period, but on the other hand some hedgehogs have quickly cracked the grey-blotched shells. Apparently, Hedgehog cannot break a hen's egg with her teeth, and although she will sniff at it with some show of interest, I have never known her succeed. On several occasions I have opened an egg in the approved kitchen manner by tapping the shell on the edge of a bowl and emptying yolk and all into the hedgehog's dish of bread-and-milk. The egg on so many mornings was the only food remaining that after a while the tuppences went toward something better appreciated.

If Hedgehog could only climb trees and eat the eggs of jays, hawks and owls, she would soon wear a halo in the eyes of those who preserve game, but her nose being closer to nests of favoured birds, she is dubbed 'thief,' and therefore has no option but to 'go post-haste to the devil with the greater number.' To take for yourself what others require is a crime; to take what others do not need is a fair deal. The world is old. Hedgehog tasted eggs with a free conscience long before certain birds were preserved for sport, and I hope that if ever I have the good fortune to own a few broad acres of earth, she may indulge in an occasional egg for breakfast with an easy mind and without fear of calamity. Yet who knows? They say that if you give a Socialist property he becomes a bloated

capitalist ; a tyrant even toward his undermost underlings. And Hedgehog, bless her, is an honest underling of the undergrowth.

Gentleness is not one of the hedgehog's virtues. In daylight she may be docile as she lies curled in a tight ball, but see her at night and you know her as a veritable tiger. A hunter must necessarily attack if he is to return with a bag that is not empty. Hedgehog therefore finds herself in a painful situation. It has been said of her, not once, but many times, that she will seize and devour any creature she is strong enough to overcome. In a sense this is true, but with the exaggeration so readily applied to animal literature in order to make it readable, the fact has been distorted into an untruth that gathers more moss every time it is set rolling. We hear now of hedgehogs climbing hen roosts and eating Rhode Island Reds ! Perhaps we have here as good a story as that of the hedgehogs of olden days who milked cows, a tale occasionally related even now. The average weight of an adult hedgehog is about one and a half pounds. Full-grown fowls of various breeds weigh anything from three and a half to seven or eight pounds. Quite apart from difference in bulk, and even if you allow that a hedgehog could clamber safely to a perch (she has absolutely no sense of balance), how will she do the doughty deed ? Her sooty paws are useless for killing anything other than slugs and small fry. Her pointed teeth are certainly very sharp, and she can employ a splendid bulldog grip on small creatures. But a Rhode Island Red or any self-respecting fowl would either squawk or flutter a wing. Either of these actions is sufficient to terrify poor Hedgehog out of her seven wits. Yet we hear of folk who actually believe that a hedgehog has cleared a hen roost !

The same people fancy that hedgehogs capture and kill rabbits, pheasants and partridges. To this I would say that Hedgehog is a firm believer in a severe Speed Limit. Brer Rabbit, obviously a law unto himself, puts on a spurt whenever he pleases ; the pheasant, with true racing spirit, starts up in his sports car with terrific explosions, and the partridge follows suit in milder fashion. Prickles, rightly named hedge-hog, is never under any circumstances a road-hog ; when charged, her defence must be that she suffers for the misdemeanours of others.

Should an animal or bird lie mortally wounded or disabled, or be in such state that it could not be stimulated to violent action by the nip of Hedgehog's teeth, then the Prickly One will assuredly eat her fill, no matter how large the creature happened to be. She

would dine off cow, giraffe or elephant if she could perform the impossible feat of biting an opening in the hide. I feed all my hedgehogs liberally on red meat bought from the butcher. No doubt they would enjoy their meal no less if the whole beast—legs, shoulder, heart, lungs, liver and scrag-end-of-neck was put before them, instead of four ounces upon a lordly dish. But when I find Hedgehog gorging herself on dead cow under a moonless sky, I shall not run home crying that a hedgehog has killed one of Farmer Mangelwurzels's cattle, despite the fact that nine people out of ten might believe me.

Food for most animals is a forethought and an afterthought, but for us to add to their burden of finding, keeping, and eating, is not always fair play. Every day we snuff out little lives to protect our own property or interests, and when the decision lies between no slugs *or* no Brompton Stocks, no greenfly *or* no roses, no mice *or* no peas, then perhaps we cannot be blamed if we set forth with slugicides, strong-smelling solutions and break-back traps. Last night I hand-picked one hundred and twenty slugs, but I am not ashamed of the slaughter, for I do love blue cynoglossum, and there is not a shadow of doubt that slugs share my affection.

On dry gorse-covered heaths Hedgehog will not hesitate to snap up a lizard if she can come to grips with his lithe form, but I doubt if she is often successful. To see her jogging after the agile mercurial lizard is somewhat like watching a hippopotamus groping for an annoying mouse nibbling his tail. This summer, dozens of the nimble long-toed reptiles have eluded my grasp just as I would have pounced after a careful approach. Lizards have exceedingly quick eyes, which are not lidless like the eyes of our snakes. During the last two summers they must have had a great time, baked by a sun beyond their ken in an English climate. While watching their neat brown bodies prick forward in clockwork jerks up the seedling oaks and beeches, I have wondered if they too have been well 'ripened' in company with our bearded irises and flowering shrubs. At night the common lizard snoozes in a bed of leaves with eyes closed. His bedroom is difficult to discover, but Hedgehog's findings are often a little 'chancey,' and should she thrust that vigorous snout of hers under his pillow, or perchance poke through the other end of the sheets and tickle his slender toes, then Lizard would assuredly have the worst nightmare of his life without living to see if it were true or merely a dream. In winter he darts with jerky energy no longer, but lies comatose beneath the heather roots,

an easy prey in spite of his coat of light mail, with orange belly turned downward to the sod. Over him blows the autumn blast and the last wayward leaves; upon him falls the sky in winter torrent and fleecy snow, but at this time Hedgehog too is slumbering in that deep state from which we may not call her. Sleep, Lizard and Hedgehog; sleep side by side if you will, while the valves of winter open to drench the naked arms of the trees, the broad shoulders of the moor, and the open-handed palms of the fields you have loved.

Hedgehog, in the eyes of too many, will never be anything but a robber of poultry pens, a milker of cows, a burglar of apples, a wanton woman! On many occasions the dear old dame has made her mistakes in a civilised world—errors for which she has paid with her life-blood. Some people believe in absolute right and absolute wrong; maybe here are they who claim for the hedgehog physical impossibilities. The hedgehog will eat small creatures such as frogs, mice and young rats when she can capture them and if they are not strong enough to cause an uproar. When she comes to grips she literally tears her prey to bits. I once lifted a tame hedgehog who had her teeth fast in a mouse, high above my head, and when I lowered her to the ground again she continued her meal quite undisturbed. In wandering through the fields in summer she must eat a vast number of litters of voles, and nestlings of ground birds too, but I think her captures of adult birds—even of such small-bodied customers as pipits, wagtails or larks—are exceedingly few. For the good of her character how splendid it would be if it could be proved that she ate fully-grown mice and rats, but unfortunately evidence seems to point the other way.

Most small animals move in panic-stricken jerks when touched unexpectedly, and unless Hedgehog can seize her prey at one bite, any wild thing in good health and with a full grasp of its faculties would be off and away long before the sniffing, very noisy hedgehog had come within a yard. I have caught dozens of mice myself at one time and another by stalking them quietly and with infinite patience, for all mice have extremely short sight and trust their ears to warn them of danger. The task, even for a mere human, requires all the skill of a careful stalker, and *silence*. A blown leaf or the rasping whisper of dry grass will send any mouse scuttling for cover before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' At night all sounds are hushed; the leaf that smacked the stem unheard in the chorus of daily happenings gathers sound when activities cease. Hedge-

hog, dear old lady, has never learnt the art of walking softly. Her black paws have to carry a heavy body, and as she never has the slightest intention of stalking in the manner of weasel and stoat, she waddles along in bedroom slippers, trailing her hairy skirts through the grasses, moving in a luxury of sniffs and grunts that would make a stoat's hair stand on end. Neither slug nor snail can say he is 'not at home' when he hears Hedgehog ringing his front-door bell, but the more fleet-footed people of hedgerow and field are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Hedgehog cannot cope with their activities, so like the wise old lady she is, she never hankers after the unobtainable, but gives thanks for what is before her nose. In my experience some hedgehogs will not even bite through the skin of a mouse. I have given many a house mouse, warm from the trap, and found it later slightly mauled by the hedgehogs but uneaten. When I cut a hole in the stomach, most of the mouse disappears by morning. Likewise, several fledgling birds, fallen into the hedgehogs' house by mistake, have not had so much as a feather plucked from their scraggy backs.

To show my absolute faith in the hedgehog's disinclination to attack any creature that has the strength to struggle violently, I kept a youthful sparrow in the same summer-house occupied by a family of five. When the sparrow was first introduced to the hedgehog dormitory he could flutter over the ground but was unable to fly. At night he slept in a box lined with hay; this was his dangerous time, for while he slumbered the family came forth on nocturnal maraudings. The sparrow, named Pete, was full of energy and joy of living. Had it not been that I was fully convinced that the hedgehogs would leave him unmolested after investigation, I should have provided him with more private sleeping-quarters. The hedgehogs were sufficiently curious to knock the roof off Pete's home on several consecutive nights, but each morning Master Sparrow greeted me vociferously when I called upon him, yauping loudly for his breakfast. When he had grown to days of discretion and could fly short distances, he decided that a box was too babyish for a manly sparrow. So he left his cot on his own initiative, and booked a bed each night at the back of the tea-chest in which the hedgehogs slept. Now, this decision on his part, though admirably courageous, seemed a little risky. After all, he had not a jungle of grass in which to escape if the hedgehogs made things warm for him, although the summer-house was of fair size.

Perhaps the family had some code of their own which forbade

them to injure a guest. Perhaps they waited for the goose to be well fattened before they killed it. Whatever the reason, Pete grew to be a handsome young fellow, roosting upon the edge of the tea-chest during the last weeks of his sojourn within four walls. During the period the hedgehogs certainly had ample food. They were never desperately hungry, but apart from their normal ration of bread-and-milk they only received meat twice a week. They never had more food than they could clear in a night. A wild hedgehog is not short of food in the summer months, so it may be that a close comparison in the state of the tummies of free and confined would not be unjustifiable.

Had Pete been unable to flutter with his sparrow-like energy the hedgehogs would have made mincemeat of him in no time, but to a hedgehoggy intellect it is most disconcerting to feel an ugly baby bird pirouetting around when you are just about to break your fast.

Long hours I have sat in the dark with only a torch staring uncertainly downward from a nail on the wall, and as I watched have been amazed at a hedgehog's timidity in life as compared with her ferocious desires on paper. If any small prey 'makes a scene' then the life of that potential victim is spared, for Hedgehog immediately stubs her nose on the ground or rolls into a ball. Her whole prickly attitude declares: 'Another of my mistakes; whew, that was a near thing!' Yet I would not keep a ravenous hedgehog in a coop with baby chickens if I must pay £1 a head for any casualties! Pete the Sparrow lived safely for three months with not one but five hedgehogs, and when he was admitted to the freedom of the garden, he had the audacity and friendliness to creep back through a hole in the wire window to roost on his favourite perch above the tea-chest. Was this mere bravado? I think not. Pete was one of many who, like himself, can and do live within arm's length of a hedgehog's mighty jaws, and watch weekly a hedgehog's harvest.

You Rhode Island Reds, with your pedigrees, egg records, champion cocks, show pens and county trials, will you be beaten by a devil-may-care *sparrow*? Oh, cover your combs in shame!

For generations Hedgehog has suffered at the hands of Man, but surely the education of the twentieth century should relieve her at least from the penalties of ancient fables. Let her pay for *fact* if she must, but not in these days for fiction. On my table I have that green bible of all country-people, *The Countryman*. Always

plump with good fare, hearty and sturdy, it digs and delves in every corner of our country-side. Here are four of its findings gleaned from the churchwardens' accounts for the parish of Buckfastleigh, in South Devon, which Mr. Robertson Scott has kindly allowed me to quote :

' 1723 pd Richard Ellett for killing 6 hedgehoggs ..	00	02	00
1738 paid Henry Gazek for 2 ffuse pigs (editor adds : furze-pigs, hedge-hogs)	00	00	08
1746 pd to Mary Crimp for drink for killing a hedhog	00	00	04
1756 (editor adds : 49 hedgehogs were killed this year)'			

Then, jumping to the present, Sir Arthur Thomson, in *Nature by Night*, writes of 150 hedgehogs he found in North Wales on a single wire, from which the falling maggots were intended to feed the pheasants.

Past and present. Poor old Hedgehog !

SHADOW AND SONG.

THE shadows steal upon the wood,
A dark and silent corps—
And plaintively the nightingale
Her treasure doth outpour,
A wealth of gold and silver notes,
Of jewelled melodies,
Echoing through a dream-held world
Of shadows and tall trees.

Of all the world, the only things
To listen to the tune
Are the ghostly, silent shadows,
The tall trees, and the moon.

IVY O. EASTWICK.

THE D'ARBLAYS IN JULY, 1815.

BY A. J. WAUCHOPE.

AMONG some Burney relics in a box of old family papers are two letters dated July, 1815. They are only private letters, one between friends, and the other from a young man to his mother. But they were written in stirring times. For, on the 18th of June the brilliant career of Napoleon Bonaparte had been finally brought to an end by the Battle of Waterloo. The 'little Corsican' who tyrannised a Continent was beaten at last and banished to a lonely spot in mid-ocean. The Nations breathed again. A King crept back to his Throne.

It is all a matter of History now. Generations have come and gone. But the letters of people living at that time give a human touch to the bare facts of History; and 'one touch of nature makes the whole World kin.' This is their apology for rising from a dusty old box and appearing before the public now.

Letter I, dated July the 4th, 1815, is from Mrs. Locke of Norbury Park to her young friend Alex d'Arblay. An undergraduate at Caius College, Cambridge, he was then spending part of the Long Vacation with his Aunt Broome and her family down at Richmond.

Twenty-two years earlier, when Fanny Burney was visiting the Lockes at Norbury, she was introduced to a party of penniless French aristocrats at Juniper Hall, exiled from their own land in the Reign of Terror. There Fanny met *Monsieur d'Arblay*, a book-lover (like herself), cultured, charming and modest. They fell in love at first sight! He had no prospects, her father withheld consent; but their union proved a perfectly happy one. They were married in Mickleham village church on a bright summer day, and they started their happy little *ménage* in a tiny cottage near the Park. Their only son, Alex, was born in December, 1794. Three years later, they moved to 'Camilla Cottage,' built and named after Fanny's third novel. In 1801 the short-lived peace with France tempted M. d'Arblay to revisit his native land. Old friends hailed his return and warmly welcomed his wife and boy. But alas! the Republic had grabbed his estates, and the new Govern-

ment ignored all claims. True, Napoleon offered him a commission in the Army that would have meant a return to his former rank and title; but this he firmly declined, refusing to take up arms against England. The Napoleonic wars of aggression were soon in full swing. No passports for England could be had. D'Arblay took a small post in the *Bureau de l'Intérieur* to support his wife and child. Thus Alex, from seven to seventeen, was educated in France. He became a good classical scholar, little short of a genius in mathematics, and absolutely devoted to his parents. In August, 1812, Madame d'Arblay took courage in both hands, gathered up books and manuscripts, and fled with her son to England, just in time to avoid his conscription for the disastrous Campaign in Russia. She sent Alex to Cambridge in 1813, produced her fourth novel, *The Wanderer*, and tended her father, Dr. Burney, till his death in April, 1814. That year, Paris fell to the Allies, Napoleon abdicated, and Louis XVIII reigned. D'Arblay, one of the first to offer service and allegiance to his King, was reinstated in the *Gardes du Corps du Roi*. Pluckily, his wife rejoined him, leaving Alex to the care of her English relations. Then came the 'Hundred Days,' which ended on the 18th of June in the great Battle of Waterloo. D'Arblay was on duty at Trèves; his wife was at Brussels, where she heard the roar of battle, and saw with horror the dead and wounded brought into the town. On the 25th she wrote a long letter to Mrs. Locke (published in her *Diary and Letters*); and this kind maternal friend lost no time in passing on the good news of her safety to Alex.

LETTER I.

Addressed :—To

Alex d'Arblay Esq.
at Mrs. Broome's

Lower Road
Richmond
Surrey.

Norbury Park,
Tuesday night,

4 July, 1815.

MY DEAR ALEX.^r

If you have not already received the certainty of your precious parents' safety you will love me dearly for this assurance which came to me this morning. I need not tell you how fervently I returned thanks for such a mercy.—The date of the Letter Sunday

25th June.—Your dear Father was at Trèves and has been ever since y^e 23.rd of May. His mission is to receive and examine Deserters from Bonaparte—'*Les Fidèles plus tôt au Roi*'—a business of infinite delicacy, so many 'are the *Espions* who are ready to *glisser* themselves on this side to gather information under every possible form & pretence; there are nine other officers who have the same commission all upon frontier Towns. This station he has never quitted altho' he has made various efforts to place himself more actively; but his mission has been successful, & I, you will believe, am well content it has not been changed.'—'At Mons whither now all the Royal Family are going, Mons. d'Auvergne has just been sent on the same errand *pour remplacer* Mons. le Comte de la Poterie.'

Your dear Mother had begun and nearly finished a Letter to you when all her friends determined to set out for Antwerp, & she had prepared to follow them, & the Letter went into her little paquet of Cloaths. For she afterwards found that Brussels was perfectly safe, but her friends all left her excepting M.^e de Maureville. But she laments that she hears no news & is in the dark concerning all interesting events. She seems in good health & spirits.

Your dear Father had 'written & published a proclamation inviting his Countrymen to join him, which is to be thrown by every means into France, & which he has signed with his name.'

And now my dear Alex.^r I must only bless you & hasten this away. Pray remember me most kindly to Mrs. Broome & communicate how well your precious Mother is.

I have the great pleasure of possessing Mrs. Burney.

Your Maternal,

FRE.^a AUG.^a LOCKE.

Letter II, dated July 27th, 1815, is from young Alex d'Arblay to his mother. A sheet of stout paper, foolscap size, covered with script on three sides and half-way down the fourth, was doubled and folded again, with ends turned in to leave a clear square for the address. Carefully marked, 'single sheet' and '*feuille simple*' in the top corners of the square, it was addressed—'*à Madame—Madame d'Arblay—à Bruxelles.*' But the absent-minded Alex forgot to post it; and, finding it in his pocket a week later, he asked his Aunt Burney to send it off; which she did. It bears the official mark, 'Paid. 1s. 4d.' In due course the letter arrived at Brussels. But Madame was gone. She had left hurriedly on the 19th to join her husband who was ill at Trèves; and as soon as he could move they went to Paris. So the letter was re-directed 'To

the Rt. Honble. Lady Alvanley—To the Care of Sir Andrew Barnard Commandant etc. etc. *à Paris*': for Paris was in the hands of the Allies, and the Prussians were apt to intercept all private letters. Opened by the Honourable Lady, sealed up again by the Commandant with a big 'B' in red wax and the remark, 'Missent to Lady Alvanley,' the precious letter reached Madame d'Arblay at last!

Alex always wrote to his parents with perfect candour, in the odd mixture of English and French natural to his birth and early education. The good news of 'Boney's Surrender' had rejoiced their hearts; the War was over, and 'Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*,' a prisoner in the hands of the English, realised his own defeat as final. His pen portrait by Alex, based on the talk of the time, might well have inspired Orchardson's fine picture, painted sixty-five years later, now on exhibition in the Tate Gallery in London.

But General d'Arblay would repudiate utterly his son's crude satire on the ineptitude of the Bourbons. As a loyal Royalist he honoured the King and craved no honours in return. Of the noble family of Piochard d'Arblay (who held commissions from four Kings *Louis* in succession), a cultured aristocrat of the Old Régime, he never used his title of *Comte* except in the service of his King. Officer of the Guards under *Louis XVI*, Field-Marshal and Adjutant-General with Lafayette, he lost everything in the French Revolution, and came to England in 1792 a ruined exile. Yet he could laugh at his own plight and gaily trim the little garden hedge in Surrey with his sword! In France under the Empire he declined posts of distinction pressed upon him by his old friends Narbonne and Gassendi, and even by the Emperor himself. But when the Empire fell in 1814 and his King and Country called, d'Arblay at the age of sixty led the van among volunteers. He served *Louis XVIII* till Waterloo was won, then finally retired in shattered health, with the rank and half-pay of Lieutenant-General—the pay a mere pittance—but he knew the poverty of the Bourbon Treasury and made no complaint. In the autumn of 1815 General d'Arblay brought his wife home to England. They settled in quiet lodgings in Bath, and found great happiness in reunion with their son and with all the Burney tribe and connection. The General died at Bath in 1818.

A word more about Alex. Later on he followed his father's example in caring more for devotion to a high calling than promotion

to honour. Having gained his Degree and a Fellowship at Cambridge, he made his home with his widowed mother and devoted all his talent to the study of Theology. His late father's friend, the *Duc de Luxembourg*, offered him a commission with rank and title in the French Guards—a tempting offer; but Alex declined, and held to his purpose of preparing for Holy Orders. He was ordained in 1819, and served in the Ministry of the English Church until his death in 1837.

Here is the young man's letter to his mother:

LETTER II.

Turnham Green. July 27th, 1815.

Thursday Evening.

DEAREST MADRE

I came yesterday here, on a visit to dear Aunt Esther [Burney] for a week; and now, first of all, to essential business. Mrs. Locke has just written to my Aunt (and tho' I think it very unnecessary to trouble you about this, I must just mention it), that Mr. William Locke 'earnestly wished to pay into Martin [Burney]'s hands the price of the Cottage, etc. without waiting for M.H. completing the business, his Lawyer being ill, when to his great surprise, M. M. Burney explained that he was not empowered to receive the money, not having Mons.^r d'Arblay's power of attorney.' I will walk tomorrow to town to see Martin upon this business, and try to get the money to be invested, without waiting another fortnight at least for your legal autorisation. And I shall not send off this letter without writing to you the result of our conversation;—this is all I can do;—it is a thousand pities that you did not leave a power of attorney behind you before you left England. However, we must trust that '*Ce qui est différé, n'est pas pour cela perdu.*'

Mrs. Locke 'shakes hands with me most cordially about the surrender of Boney;'—you will no doubt join in heart and soul. The thing is, now we have him, to keep him close at St. Helena or Dumbarton Castle on the Clyde,—not in England,—for the *tyrant* of the World should not be allowed to taint with his polluted breath the pure air of a *free* Country, or contaminate its soil with his unhallowed feet; especially as he has more friends and admirers in this Country than anywhere else, and that with his wonderful versatility of talent he might rouse a disturbance, or at least turn to his insidious ends the next riot about a *Corn Bill* or a *Princess of W . . . s*, or any such nonsense that the honest mob—John Bull—may chuse to *take up* and to *run down*. Nor is this merely a playful conjecture, for already the crew of the *Bellerophon* (Capt.

Maitland), on board of which he is now at Torbay, say that he is 'a devilish good fine fellow, and that they like him vastly.'—Nor does he spare any arts, any addresses, any flourishes, or addresses to their vanity, or appeals to their passions. When he arrived at Torbay, '*Enfin,*' said he, '*le voilà ! ce beau pays !—le noble sol de la Liberté ! La voilà ! cette Nation sans laquelle j'aurais été Empereur de l'Est et de l'Ouest. C'est elle qui, toujours florissante, quoiqu'assailie de toutes parts, a sans cesse déjoué par sa persévérance les projets du Génie ;—elle que j'ai voulu anéantir ;—elle qui du premier trône du monde, m'a deux fois replongé dans la Nuit ;—elle enfin qui, toujours généreuse, offre seul un asyle à mon infortune. Eh quoi ? Vous vous étonnez ? Ne sais-je pas honorer mes ennemis ? C'est moi—c'est Napoléon qui loue aujourd'hui les Anglais ! Voyez les coups du sort !—Eh bien !*' (shrugging his shoulders), '*La prospérité m'avais trop enivré ;—elle est passée ;—tant mieux ;—l'adversité me rend à moi-même. Je fus souvent petit dans le succès ;—mais vous me verrez grand dans le revers. Je ne serai plus le Souverain du Continent ; je ne verrai plus les Nations enchainées à mon char ; je ne pourrai plus élever m'abattre des Trônes ;—mais n'importe ;—ce que j'ai fait, c'est fait ;—l'histoire le conservera ;—mon nom me reste.—Je suis BONAPARTE ! et c'est assez !*'—I do not say that these were his words, but that he spoke to that effect in that rapid, restless, incoherent, but energetically and strikingly characteristic style.

Another thing he said to Captain Maitland : '*La force a retabli les Bourbons,—deux fois ;—l'Étranger est dans la Capitale ;—l'esprit de la Nation et de l'Armée est comprimé ;—mais c'est un volcan qui à leur départ éclatera sur lui ;—le choc sera électrique ;—la France sait ses droits ;—et mon fils, le fils des Césars, regnera !—Ils sont huit, je crois, ces Bourbons,—sept hommes et une femme ;—moralement, sept femmes et un homme !*' (meaning that great man the Duchesse d'Angouleme !)

In this I am afraid there may be more truth than we are willing to admit. The King is in the hands of the Jacobins,—of his Brother's murderers,—of Buoney's friends,—of a set of ruffians,—Fouché at the head,—the crafty Talleyrand, &c. Is it likely that such men would call such loyal subjects as my Father round the throne ?—And what honour to him if he was asked to mix with such people ?—such company ? Why,—he would be quarelling with them from morning to night, till they would contrive to get him underhand removed secretly, God knows where. What can we expect from a superannuated Monarch, *un Esclave couronné*, ruling a demoralized nation, with revolutionary Ministers ?—who, while they manage the State their own way (and just give him permission to sign his name when his hand is not too tottering even

for that), give him carefully and faithfully, I suppose, some such things as a pill in the morning, a bit of plum-pudding at noon, and a Clyster at night; while he, poor Soul!—

'In spight of their most solemn declarations,
And of the plighted faith of Kings and Nations,
On foreign arms borne from Batavia's plains,
Lolls thoughtless on his gouty throne and *REIGNS*!!

'Reigns—as George Regent when he goes to dance;—
Reigns—as the *fainéant* Kings of ancient France;—
Reigns—as Will. Fred. of Prussia mourns his wife,
In past regrets absorbing present life.—

'Heavens! how unlike his Martial Sire of old!—
The brave, the gay, the amiable, the bold;—
In battle louder than the Cannon roaring;—
In peace more placid than the Shepherd snoring!—

'While poor Fred leaning on his restless pillow,
Or on a lonely bank beside a willow,
Thinks ceaseless weeping is no peccadillo.—
While passengers viewing the stupid drill—"Oh!
Quantum," they say, "*mutatis est ab illo*!"'

Which means, How different from his Sire!—Virgil,—as Pangloss would say.

Aunt Hetty desires me to return you her thanks for a charming letter, which she would have answered before now, had she not been afflicted with a lameness in her fingers which is come she knows not how; her hand is for the present useless to her. She is having medical advice, and I hope is getting better, but it will be a work of time; it occasions her many privations, and is at times very painful.

We are all equally anxious to hear of your Books and M.S.S., and greatly disappointed at my Father's not being rewarded as he ought. But I expected it all along. The Bourbons can neither discover hidden merit, nor have they spirit enough to foster it if they had the *nous* to *déterrer* it.

My Aunt has passed some pleasant days at Norbury, where she had the pleasure of being when arrived your letter to Mrs. Locke. Charles Parr [Burney]'s notice was too short for either Aunt Hetty or Uncle James to write in time, which fretted them both.

I am putting into French Verse at this moment Pope's Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady; I shall write out my attempt for you

at the first opportunity, tho' I believe it is more congenial to the Spirit of Latin than of French.

Since I wrote this, I have discovered that Martin has been on a tour to Margate. I therefore wrote to Mrs. Locke.

I have finished my translation, and will send it by my next letter. I laboured hard at it, and it came off much better than I could expect. Aunt Hetty and Mr. Burney were very much pleased with it.

I am very happy to see in today's papers an act of vigour unexpectedly committed by the King. But it would have been much better had the list of the proscribed appeared sooner; for now the most notorious have I fear escaped. I should likewise wish that *Fouché's* name might appear a little higher up in the list than it does. I have no patience with that Scoundrel,—*tour à tour* Minister of Buoney's and of Louis';—*tour à tour* betrayer of both; who, at the fall of the former, took the reins of Government, *provisoirement*, with *Carnot*,—a much better man than himself, because, tho' his principles were often erroneous, he has always acted *consistently*—(and I always feel some respect for a rogue who is uniformly faithful to the same *species* of roguery). And he deserves as much to be honoured for surlily refusing the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, as for his consummate Genius in the various characters of Statesman, Orator, Warrior and Mathematician.

Here the long letter from Alex d'Arblay to his mother comes abruptly to an end, without any signature. The big sheet of paper was almost covered with writing, but there was just room on the 'turn-down' to add this characteristic postscript:

P.S. By some mistake this letter, written a week ago, was not sent. I found it just now in my pocket. Aunt Hetty will forward it by the first opportunity.

WILLOW PATTERN.

BY ALAN JENKINS.

I.

THE HUNTINGJOY.

WHEN the short spring twilight began to merge into the blackness of night, and the tawny owls of Dewgates Wood had been calling an hour, the bitch otter issued from the hover. Her round, fierce-whiskered face peered cautiously from the entrance in the willow roots. Once this willow had been sturdy and flourishing, then lightning had struck it and the top half trailed naked in the little river and was presently borne downstream. For a time the lower trunk still struggled feebly and instinctively towards the light, but water rotted the core of the tree, and now all that remained of life was a shockhead of long green-tipped slender shoots, of which there were fewer each succeeding year. The rest of the tree was a lichen-threaded shell of bark, dabbling cold dead feet in loamy soil and water.

The bitch paused, her slitted nostrils testing the damp air. Slim spiked rushes and juicy-stemmed kingcups, whose yellow petals were bursting the green calyxes, screened the entrance-hole under the crumbling bark. The hover itself lay farther in the bank, a space under the groping roots of the tree.

Presently, satisfied, the otter snaked out of the willow and dropt noiselessly on to a shelf of sand lying below the bank. Her black eyes caught the light and gleamed momentarily. Half-uncertain still, in the greytime, that period between day and night, she halted again. She stared across the water. She listened and sniffed again, questing the air anxiously. Every nerve in her long lithe body was tense. Behind her in the warm moss- and wool-lined nest her three fast-growing cubs lay, sleeping soundly until milkhunger should wake them and set them mewing for her return. Because of them the dam was anxious. There was no risk too small to be avoided when she had those three bundles of downy greyish-yellow fur to protect.

There were no danger sounds; no danger smells. Her keen senses worked faithfully, distinguishing, sorting, eliminating,

reassuring. She caught the scent of pollen : sallow catkins on the other side of the river : golden male catkins on one tree, silver females on another. She smelt cattle : heifers had watered near by as they did every day, coming down and trampling a bog of black mud beneath the almond-leaved willows. The musky odour of vole was there, too, for the narrow river teemed with the little brown-coated swimmers, who lopt down flagstems and loosestrife for food, or grubbed about for caddisworms and fresh-water snails. A hundred and one messages came on the flaws of wind, and the mother knew that hunting was safe.

Sounds were less urgently heeded. The bitch heard—and ignored, once she had decided. Sheep were bleating on the hillock-land forty yards beyond the river : they were mostly hoggets, 'keepers' pastured and tended by the farmer for ten shillings each a year. The bitch heard another bleating : the sound of snipe drumming above the narrow strip of riverflat. The birds would rise in towering circles and then shoot steeply down, with wings half-open and tail fan-wide, the outer feathers bent sharply away so that the air made them vibrate, and the booming note was caused. Way back in the spinney that joined the flat, blackbirds were still mikmikkaing hysterically, as though the wisps of mist were ghosts floating up. Presently the quaver of tawny owls would come closer and the blackbirds might have real cause for alarm.

Calmly the otter entered the water. Her smooth grey-brown body made no sound as it left the sandy spit, for the tapering tail let off gradually and carefully. A growing ripple on the surface and then no more than a flat head could have been seen bobbing dimly under the leaning willows.

In an osier a moorhen saw and moved higher on the smooth perch. Tiny crumbs of dried mud scraped from the bird's claws and quipped in the water.

The otter was heading upstream.

Little light was there now, save an ochreish frieze round the skyline, pouring its faintness through the curtains of the river, alders and willows and hawthorns, and charging the water with a pale flush.

Minnows, little gold and green fellows, were feeding under the bank. With becoming self-flattery they darted panic-stricken here and there at the sight of the black shape ; but the bitch did not heed them. Such small fry were to the kingfishers and grebes. The otter swam steadily on, sometimes ducking her head and

examining every crevice and rock she passed. Using all four legs she went under the little hunting bridge, and forty strokes higher up she came to the first pool she was seeking: a deep dark cavity, usually profitable of hunting.

The bitch dived. Under water she could close her nostrils at will; while her ears, too, were sealed, by folds of skin. Nature had been generous to the otters when they changed their environment.

A swarm of bubbles wobbled out and up. The bitch weaved down and round the banks, her forelegs tucked on her chest, hind-legs moving gently. When she wished to turn her long tail ruddered her round. Lithe and sinuous, she was more like an eel than a mammal as she slipped through the dark pool. She could see several times her own length in front of her, and when she nosed under the sides of boulders and ledges her sensitive whiskers, longer and stiffer than those of a cat, told her whether there was prey.

There was none. The pool proved empty. Not even a loach did she put up from the pebbled bed. A graceful curve of her body, and she swung up to vent. As her head broke surface, she caught sight of movement on the farther slope of the pool. A fish was finning down with the stream.

In an instant the only sign of the otter remaining on the surface was an undulating ring that spread and died. Below the surface the deep of the water was broken in two swirls that presently rippled upwards: one big, one small.

The otter swept down, kicking with all four legs to reach the fish before it found refuge under some inaccessible slab. Her prey was a brown trout: a fellow of three pounds. He had fed that day mainly on others of his kind. At the moment his mouth gaped open and revealed the tail of a young woodmouse. The mouse had tumbled into the water as the trout was nosing under a lily pad. Now the trout was having difficulty in swallowing the furry creature.

Down flashed the fish to a niche he knew beneath a green, weed-slimy boulder. He knew every cranny in the pool, and every pool in the river.

He darted obliquely, scales gleaming whitely. The otter's webbed paws trod bottom, and with every muscle of her body stretched, she curved supply, turned in her length, and raced after the trout. She swam faster than the fish, and headed him off from the boulder.

He made instead for the bank. Gills waving, he lay under a

loamy ledge. The exertion of the chase had forced the dead mouse out of his jaws. It floated uncertainly like a dead leaf, and rested momentarily on the otter's shoulders as she paddled alongside, searching carefully. In a little while she put the trout out. He zigzagged again for his boulder, but this time the bitch swam above him and took him near the shoulder fin with her head bent down between her forepaws.

She rose and went straight out of the pool and upstream until she came to a low flat slab of stone, fringed with short daffodils and fern. The rock gleamed already with the scales of many other fish taken in fair chase, for it had long been a regular landing-place of otters, who preferred to use places their kindred had used before them. Because of such habits, many otters were trapped, and once beautiful bodies went to decorate some keeper's gibbet, arranged with tender pride.

Such trapping benefited the crows and the blowflies: the crows pecked out the dead eyes; the blowflies laid their eggs on the carcasses.

The bitch ate the trout from the shoulder downward. She fed noisily, gnawing sideways like a cat will. She was hungry. Only the head and tail did she ignore. In the morning nothing but a few fresh scales would give proof of the meal, for scavenging rats would clear up the remnants.

When she had fed and drunk, she entered the river and continued upstream. She swam more joyfully, for her first anxiety had passed now that she had hunted successfully. Her blunt muzzle cleft the waters and the ripples she caused shattered the star reflections that gathered on the surface. But the real stars winked on, gleaming down through greenening trees.

A small dark shape moving from one bank to the other, twelve yards away, proved to be a water vole. Fear-stricken, the rodent dived. The otter followed playfully, passing under the vole, without molesting him. She wanted fish, not musky meat; though if needs had dictated she would not have spurned it. The vole rose to the surface and scrambled rather than swam across the remaining piece of water. Terror almost burst its heart as it gained the damp tunnel behind the sentinel flags.

The huntress passed on, searching the back-eddies under the bank, where weeds waved like streamers: diving, turning, twisting,

floating ; every movement revelling fiercely in the joy of hunting, and confident in the power of her body.

Near the wooden cattle-bridge she dived and passed under water until she was the other side of the shaky structure. One moon-night she had been frightened by two lovers who threw stones into the water, though not at her, and ever since then she had passed out of sight of any who might be watching.

Fifteen yards away she took a loach, feeding near the mud of a cattle-place. But loach were small, and she caught several others ere her needs were appeased. She had herself to feed, and, more important still, the three hungry cubs. Every drop of milk she provided never seemed sufficient.

Presently she left the river and ran out into the flat. Cows were there, sturdy little Dexters, some lying down : a farmer's sign of rain, which the ochreish band round the twilight skyline confirmed.

The waking cows ceased chewing the cud and stared dully at the dim shape trotting, low-bellied, by them. One of them, in-calf, snorted and put her horns down at the bitch ; but the latter moved lightly aside through the dew-soaked grass and knapweed. She had long ago learnt that cows were harmless, even though they bore a man-taint above their own warm smell.

The otter ran on at a steady trot. The sound of her going was heard by browsing rabbits and foraging field voles. The rabbits sat up ; stared ; stamped with their muscled hindlegs, and scuttled discreetly into their burrows. The voles crouched in their minute tunnels under the grass roots.

Owls were quartering the narrow water meadow. Soft white wings wafted the air above the otter, and a scream broke the silence of the open land. The bitch crouched and snarled, and the barn owl sheered away from the gleaming eyes.

Many unsuccessful minutes later, the otter rejoined the river at the point where it finished its serpentine loop. She paddled through the trees, then flattened a moment on the low bank, listening. A flute-like whistle, many yards away, echoed down the surface. Three times she let her mate whistle before she answered.

She took to the water and paddled easily upstream. The whistle echoed out again, and now she answered call for call until she saw the bobbing of the dog otter's head as he swam down-river to meet her.

There was much play then. They rolled and tagged in the water, biting and snapping in fun. Then they climbed out and played again until the rattle of flints made them start in mock-fear and roll into the stream once more.

The bitch was several pounds lighter than the boisterous dog, and so she tired of the play, and leaving him, went to squat on the bank, worrying at the ticks that ravaged her skin under the thick close fur. More than once she rolled on the stones and rubbed her neck where she could not reach otherwise.

The dog otter remained in the water, floating and ducking idly, and snapping at the water-stars. He had fed richly that night, both on fish and an immature Aylesbury drake, which he had pulled under at sunset, even as a farm-girl came out calling 'Dill-dill-dill-dilly!' So the dog was well content.

Soon the bitch joined him, and together they went downstream, swimming in line, the bitch leading. Their short round heads bobbed and the nostrils flirted the water. They swam easily with the current; sometimes they floated, their hindlegs splayed out by their tails. But floating or swimming, their motion was so smooth that none but the vigilants of the wild could have known who was passing on the river.

In the loop named the Hullies on account of the pollarded willows growing there, from which gypsies gathered long pliant shoots wherewith to make baskets and 'hullies,' the otters came across a huge pike making his piratical way against the current.

The fish whipped round and made away downstream. Smaller fish fled before him. The pike weighed twelve pounds—half the weight of the bitch otter herself. He was several years old and his deadliest enemy was the river-keeper. On the fish's back, just above the broad tail, was a whitish scar, where, long ago, a labourer's dungfork had caught him a glancing blow; for whenever the pike was sighted everyone near by lent a hand, with prong and stick and even once a gun. But never more than wounds had been dealt out to him.

Now, terror-stricken, the olive-barred pirate wove downstream. But the hunters, intrigued by such a quarry, soon overhauled him. He dived lower and passed under the bitch who had purposely shot over him to make him double back. The slower dog met him. Well fed, the otter was careless, and his teeth only nicked the fish above the dorsal fin.

The pike half-rolled to avoid the bite and darted into the weeds.

The bitch otter, now returned and fierce for blood, drove him out and seized him behind his villainous-looking head. There followed a short, terrific battle. The bitch, unprepared for such a powerful victim, had all she could do in fighting the fish. Down they went, and mud and sand clouded the lashed water.

The dog otter floated and watched.

The pike was game as he was strong. The bitch's hold was insecure, and suddenly, with a clack that drove a lace of bubbles upwards, her teeth met. The pike had wrenched free, at the cost of a mouthful of flesh. Blood mingled with the cloudy water.

Spent, the pike made for the shelter of the bank. The bitch rose to vent and dived again immediately and sought him out. The pike faced about as she came, her body in one straight graceful line, and pugnacious as ever, even though he was wounded, snapped at his pursuer. He had teeth that would bite through bone. But the end was near. This time the bitch got a firm grip near the gills, and gradually the struggles weakened.

With great difficulty the otter bore her prey to the bank and lugged herself out. The dog followed. Though she was not hungry she hissed at him and he withdrew mildly.

The bitch hesitated while the pike flipped feebly in the grass. Then deliberately she nosed the gleaming body back into the water. The pike splashed in and sulked down to the bottom, too weak to seize this opportunity of escape.

The dog otter saw what had happened and dived. The bitch was not far behind. Their bodies touched as they swept down. The bitch won the race. She caught the fish by the snout and as she trod the bed she tried to throw him over her shoulder. But he was too heavy and rolled over her back. She played with him a little while, and allowed the dog to join the fun. Then she seized the dying pike and laboured with him to the bank.

She had killed wantonly, enjoying the game of killing.

She crunched once, a mighty bite from the shoulder, while the fish still jerked towards death. Blood spotted the reeds.

She finished her mouthful and then squatted down and scratched with a webbed paw at a tic lodging behind one small round hairy ear. Then she ran a little way along the bank and presently took to water and joined her mate.

As the very first faint sign of approaching dawn, a pale glow

above Dewgates Wood, woke the little birds and set them twittering and singing while it was yet too dark to feed, the bitch otter came to the hover. Snarling, she had driven the dog away when he was too inquisitive. Foodhappy, he had gone off docilely. He had swum downstream towards the drain in which he hovered by day. The drain ran under a disused, grass-obliterated track, along which, years ago, an old half-demented charcoal-burner had been wont to lead his horse; for here there had once been many fine alders, until the old man ruined them by his continual despoiling. Once the rough black bark of alder had a reputation for the good charcoal it provided for the gunpowder mills.

A grey, sleek, wet-gleaming shadow, the bitch drew herself up on to the spit and bellied under the tree. The 'spur' of her paws remained behind on the sand.

The three cubs were waiting eagerly for her. An hour since they had woken and mewed plaintively. When she did not come they played half-heartedly, gnawing each other's paws, and halting now and then to listen for a sound that would tell of their mother's coming. They were three weeks old now, and growing plumper each day. Their fur was still downy and greyish-yellow. Their blunt heads were wrinkled comically about the black noses. They had been blind when they were born, but after the tenth day their eyes had been round lively gleams, interested in everything, even though they comprehended little, in their confined quarters.

Now their mother had returned they were happy. And so was she. She sniffed them all, one by one. Then, satisfied that no harm had befallen them during her absence, she lay down on one moist side and let the cubs crowd about her flanks, and while the milk went from her, her whole body and brain glowed with pride and happiness.

And presently there was silence in the dark warm nest: silence but for the easy breathing of the bitch and the slobbering eager baby noises of the feeding cubs.

II.

THE THEFT.

For the twentieth time the boy affectionately regarded the two large eggs lying in his broken-nailed hand. They were a fine pair, bluish-white and strongly splashed with dark red-brown. There

was no doubt about it, Dewgates was a fine place for nesting. Carefully he put the trophies away, one in each pocket of his jacket. He stared up at the dark mass of trees. Perhaps he should'a taken all three while he was there. Still, it was no use climbing that pine again. Doing so once had been a big enough job. He glanced down at the scratches on his legs, and fell to dabbing them with a wet finger. Funny taste, had blood. He licked his finger meditatively. His eye caught sight of a three-sided rent in his shorts, and he grimaced in anticipation. Anyway, a pair of sparrowhawk eggs was worth any amount of tribulation, especially in the middle of April. He'd never known 'em so early. One for himself, and for the other Fatty Purkiss would give him at least sixpence. Perhaps he might even squeeze a bob out of him. He knew jolly well that Fatty was afraid to climb a tree himself.

'Come on, Pinkie,' the boy bade the terrier squatting near by. The shivering dog joyfully obeyed. He pranced down the pine-needle carpet and presently the boy started trotting after him. Must be getting late, though there was still much light in the sky. It was scrummy being in the woods at this time of year, never knowing what the next bush was going to surrender to you.

Boy and dog ran on down the sloping wood. Here and there they crushed bluebells as they went, some already flowering. But there were not many, nor many primroses, except on the banks between wood and riverflat; for under the trees there was too much rubble, pine needle and scrawny grass.

Every tree was breaking into green. Every tree had its different tint. And the blackthorns were beginning to shed their snow-petalled starry flowers as their tardier leaves still unfurled.

Black nose to ground, the terrier ran out into the riverflat and the boy followed. Pinkie bit grass and snuffled excitedly at each likely bolthole; and once he inspected carefully a patch of dry cowdung, until the boy gave him a sly kick on the flank with the side of his boot. The boy turned a cartwheel and in the middle of it remembered the eggs. Panic-stricken, he searched his pockets, but the prizes were intact.

Presently the pair came to the river-bank. With any luck he might find a moorhen's nest. A sparrowhawk and a moorhen in the same day: Golly, that would be good. A loud indignant metallic call from downriver indicated that the moorhen was a reader of thoughts.

Pinkie joined in the search. He nosed into every osier and

willow root, his black-and-white rump quivering with excitement. He rustled through reeds and flags and ranunculus. And suddenly—so suddenly that the boy jumped—he began to yelp hysterically, his voice rising muffled from the ground.

The boy trotted back and found Pinkie trying to force his way under the rotten bark of the hollow tree.

'What is it, what is it?' The boy inspected the shell. 'Only a rabbit?' He stood on the edge of the loamy bank and looked down on to the plant-screened entrance. Then on the sandy spit just below, he caught sight of the telltale spur, broad and distinctive.

'Otter!' he whispered, in a thrilled tone, and large-eyed, he glanced round involuntarily. Then, pushing Pinkie aside, he fell on his belly and tried to see into the hover. He could not, and presently got to his knees and tried to make the terrier go into the water and reach the entrance. But Pinkie was water-shy, and when the boy picked him up he whined and wriggled.

'You'm no good,' said the boy, dropping the dog. He sat on the bank and proceeded to take off his boots and stockings.

The coldness of the water was like a pain in his hairless brown legs, but he was so excited he ignored it. Knee-deep, he stood, and breast pressed against the bank he reached his arm into the hover. All he could feel was damp earth and roots. If only he had a spade or something. He stopped groping and looked about him. By the time he'd gone to the mill and back it would be too dark. He shivered. Here was a treasure of far greater value than mere birds' eggs, and he wasn't going to miss it.

Suddenly he had an idea. And without stopping to put on boots or stockings, he leapt up the bank and ran along the flat. There was that iron crowbar by the hunting bridge. It had been left one year by Peter Gander after a badgerdig in Dewgates. Pinkie followed him a little way and then raced back to the hover.

Two minutes later the boy returned, panting, the bar heavy and cold in his hands.

The dull thump of the crowbar startled the water voles across the river, and they cowered in their holes. And the sound tremored out through the earth of the flat, so that rabbits living in the buries by the ploughland thought others of their kind were sending out an alarm. And they, too, stayed underground until a more auspicious time.

In the nest, the cubs heard the noise and trembled. The yapping of the terrier had made them hiss and snarl instinctively,

showing their little milk teeth beneath the thin black lips. Now as the thumping overhead grew louder they cowered back in the corner, warm palpitating bodies pressed against each other, trembling anew at each blow of the crowbar, and wondering where their mother was, and why she did not come.

The bitch otter had left the hover twenty minutes before, while the boy had still been raiding the sparrowhawk's stick-nest.

There had still been light in the sky when she swam out, for at this time of the year the sun did not set until nearly seven o'clock. Snipe had been feeding in the strips of mud beyond the osier-bed when the bitch's whiskery face appeared behind the kingcups. The birds had risen with a short cry of *scaap* and zigzagged away over the trees.

Now the bitch was nearly a mile away, her graceful body curving in the pellucid water as she turned after a slow-finned dusky green chub.

Feverishly the boy worked, jabbing the iron into the soft shallow bank; breaking it away from a place near the hole. He could tell by the hollow sound that he was on the right track. He worked until the slim immature muscles of his arms ached, and the small of his back was clammy with sweat. But otter cubs—the thought made him hurry. He'd tame 'em and train 'em to fish. What 'ud Fatty Purkiss say to that?

Pinkie hindered rather than helped, with his hysterical yelping and darting here and there. More than once his spine was nearly split by the plunging crowbar; but presently the boy accidentally barged him off the bank. Pinkie fell with a splash and paddled round, silent, too full of water to yilpittyyelp. When he found he could swim he went back to the spit and snuffled in the hole.

At last, when it was almost too dark to see, the boy felt the soil give way. He had effectively wrecked the hover. The top was a dark-brown gash.

The boy knelt down and groped into the earth. An exclamation of triumph gulped from his lips. His fingers had closed on a warm squirming body. He drew it up and gazed admiringly at the downy cub, hissing frantically at him and doing its best to bite him, its little face wrinkled up in a baby snarl.

Pinkie jiggled about, standing on his hindlegs and trying to inspect the prize. His natural curiosity got the better of him and he leapt high at the boy's outheld hand and caught the cub in his jaws.

Shouting inarticulately with rage, the boy jumped to his feet and dealt out a full-armed blow on the terrier's flank. Startled and hurt, Pinkie dropt the cub and yelped. Stumpy tail between legs, he circled round, gazing reproachfully at his master. What else was the cub for but to play with? Ilpilpil, that wasn't fair of you, master.

Dismayed, and near tears, the boy had picked up the little kittenlike body. The damage had been done: Pinkie's teeth had crushed the delicate frontlet above the frightened eyes. For a moment the boy stared at it. Then he craned round to see where the dog had gone. His face darkened with anger, and scrambling up, he hurled one of his boots at the waiting Pinkie, anxiously watching events from a discreet distance.

Then the boy remembered there might be other cubs. He lay down once more and groped. This time he stood up while he examined the hissing cubs, holding them safely out of Pinkie's reach. Then he shouted the dog away, and, taking the eggs out of his pockets, stowed the wriggling cubs in their place. Having donned his boots and stockings, he loped away through the gloom, his whole body nervous with excited triumph.

The fawning Pinkie trotted after him, his black nose wavering up towards the bulging side-pockets, at each of which a round puckered face appeared, mewing pitifully and helplessly.

In Dewgates Wood, badger setts were extensive: expertly tunnelled galleries that ran back scores of yards into the hill—indeed, Grandpa Dauntsey, who had once been head-keeper on the estate, swore how once a terrier had been put in on one side of the hill and that he'd come out on the other side, a quarter-mile away. How true that was, no one knew, but nor did anyone dispute it, for old Dauntsey was a nice old man even though he had been a gamekeeper.

Now the main sett was little used by the kith of the original builders. Mostly it was foxes and rabbits who used the place. Only one badger was left in Dewgates. He was an old, old boar: his head was pitted with a dozen scars where foolhardy terriers and foxes had jousting with him. His mate had been killed a year ago: her striped head had been smashed in by the same crowbar that had wrecked the otter's hover.

This night the old boar was abroad in the riverflat. Night was

on the run, as the glimmer on the water showed; though dawn was still distant two hours and more.

The badger waddled down towards the bank. He had fed well and now he was thirsty. Half an hour since he had dug out a litter of week-old rabbits, blind and deaf. His jaws had run with blood.

His long striped head swayed solemnly as he humped through the drenched grass. He kept to the shelter of the trees and made his way steadily towards his accustomed drinking-place, a secluded corner beyond the osiers, padded and pitted by vole and weasel and moorhen.

All at once the dignified progress was broken.

The boar grunted and nose to ground circled round. His keen nostrils, ever ready to receive any message the air might bring, had caught the faint scent of the dead cub, and in a moment he blundered across it. He snuffled it and turned it over with his snout, debating all the while whether to gobble up the morsel, for he was already too full to be very eager for more food.

As he inspected the stiff little body, a sound in the rimy grass—there had been a frost that night—made him jerk up his flat-browed head and glare with beady eyes along the bank.

The bitch otter had returned.

She had left the river by the osier-bed and trotted along the flat. She saw and winded the old boar before he sighted her. The hair of her body went creeping up in one long hackle from neck to tail. Her brain worked instinctively. To her, the badger's presence near the precious hover was no mere coincidence. Anxiety made her pant loudly. She crouched and, belly to earth, ran past the striped head. And as she went, another scent made her halt and turn. Head hunched into shoulders she stayed glaring wild-eyed at the boar. The familiar cub-scent, cold but definite. And to the anguished dam there was only one explanation. The brock had found the hover and dug out the beloved cubs.

Uneasy and watchful, the boar stood ready, yellow fangs bared. He was old, and knew his vulnerability. A low rumbling snarl, that seemed to start deep down in his belly, told the bitch he was prepared. But in her present state she would have braved much more than a badger's jaws. When her cubs are in danger a wild animal has no thought of her own safety.

Every nerve tense, every hair bristling, the frantic otter wove round the grey. She had seen the cub lying in front of him. She did not know it was dead.

The boar moved slowly round so that he always faced her. He did not wish to fight, but until he was safely out of reach he would not turn his back on the bitch. His swinish eyes burned red as the half-light caught them.

Next instant the two bodies merged like shadows. The bitch had attacked. The badger moved to meet her, fangs ready. The lithe bitch leapt clean over the raised head, and before the slow-moving boar could turn, she had seized him by the throat below the left ear. Had she not leapt, and had the badger grappled with her, she would have stood little chance: she weighed twenty-four pounds. The badger was ten ounces short of forty pounds. But he was slow. His teeth were blunt with age. Yet for all that his jaws were deadly powerful, and once they closed on the bitch's slim body they would not release their hold, whatever wounds the boar suffered. As it was, there was little battle in the encounter.

The night air was shattered by a babel of noise: snarling and panting; click of fangs; scuffle of paws shifting in rimy grass. The noise set moorhens off in the osiers, and farther down the bank a wren, a brown ball of nervous energy, woke and spluttered into fitful scolding.

The bitch held on, panting through her closed mouth and nostrils, rammed up against the badger's neck. The boar struggled, snapped, and kept up a guttural growling. Head to head, flank to flank, the two bodies circled slowly, the bitch biting, biting, the brock trying to come to grips.

Then the badger got a forepaw on the otter's shoulder. Sheer weight bore her down. She had to release her hold; but her fangs had gashed the boar from below the ear to dangerously near the jugular. White bristles ran with blood.

In an instant the badger was on top of the bitch, but her sinuous body snaked clear. Only the bare-lipped short incisors left a mark. They slashed one round ear to ribbons.

The night ceased to be affronted by the battle-snarls.

For a moment the bitch hesitated. The badger did not. He lumbered away through the eerie light. Except perhaps in mating-time no wild animal fights for the sake of fighting: wounds are too great a liability. The wound of one day may mean death or hunger the next.

The bitch watched him go and then ran towards the hover. She arched back, hissing and snarling. She had smelt man and dog. Compared with this common enemy, the badger was a harm-

less old grubdigger. Anxiety rose above fear, and the bitch approached the hollow tree.

Half-crazed with terror and apprehension, she found the hover wrecked; naught but a mass of wet soil, sweet-smelling of bruised grass. But above the fragrance of grass was this hated man-scent. She thrust her head through the light pile of soil blocking the entrance. She could find nothing, except the litter of the nest. She backed out hurriedly and ran up the bank and round the tree. But she could find nothing, though she quested here and there, panting in her anguish. Nothing but the lingering smell of boy and dog and the beloved cub-scent.

She ran out to the dead cub and sniffed it tenderly. But it was cold and stiff and she did not understand. She licked the body, but it did not respond. Presently she left grieving over it and padded back to the hover. Many times did she pad to and fro, questing round the marigolds and the tender green-yellow cowslips that grew farther away in the flat; but not a sign of the cubs did she find, except that familiar scent, mingling with the man-stink. And after a time she ceased to circle roundabout and began to nose out the line. It was still quite strong and easy to follow, and led her straight along the silent bank.

III.

ROUGH JUSTICE.

Hamseyholly Mill was a towering black mass against the faint dawn sky. In sunshine it was a patchwork of contrasted colour, of red tile and blue tile; buff weatherboards and puce walls; green moss and ivy. But now it was all one, its roofs and gables jagging out high above the river. The last stars were twinkling sleepily. The last barn owls were bobbing across the meadows to roost in hollow tree and rafter.

This was not the first time the bitch otter had been through the mill. She had caught her first grayling three furlongs away, and once, less than a year ago, she had taken refuge in a culvert from the motley hounds of the Hartilout pack.

Nearly an hour had passed since she left the ruined hover. She had gone at a good swinging trot along the riverflat. For the most part the trail had been easy for her sharp nostrils to ravel out. Presently, however, when the cub-scent faded, she was uncertain,

and dallied, whining and searching here and there, yearning for the cubs. Then she had gone on and once more picked up the man-trail.

Her body had been a mass of expectancy. She could not know how long the boy had been gone. She knew, or reasoned, that where the man- and dog-scent led, there her cubs were. There had been no badger-stink near the hover itself to confuse her.

She had grown desperate and impatient when the trail grew difficult, as it sometimes did—broken by mud or ditch or cattle—but always she puzzled it out and persevered, for the fire was still high within her. No animal has a keener sense of smell than the otter.

Nor was she deterred when she found where the trail was leading. She bellied over the millbridge. The thunder of the distant weir did not alarm her. She knew it well.

She padded along the road and approached the mill. And suddenly the trail ended before the tall wooden doors flush with the moss-crannied walls. She ran up and down, snuffling everywhere. Then she picked up another scent. Then another. And pattered round frenziedly, confused. There was man-scent everywhere now, a maze of it, for boots had trampled here all day and every day.

She ran under the shadow of the granary, questing wildly. She could not understand this turn of events. She had been so certain that where the trail lay, there would she find her loved ones. Now she was at a loss and did not know what to do.

She ran over coils of rope and wisps of husks, all smelling vaguely of man. She no longer snarled at the scent, as she would ordinarily, but inspected more closely the thing that bore the taint.

A rat ran out of a crevice and hesitated when he smelt blood. Then he pattered away, panic-stricken, having seen whose blood it was. The bitch had been hardly conscious of the pain in her torn ear.

She was consumed with anguish and anxiety, caused by the greatest of instincts: motherlove. Sometimes this instinct is weak, according to the subject, and then it dies. But when it is strong, no other motive is stronger, and only death will halt its working.

At last she left the mill wall and padded across the raised road. She looked round, uncertain, before slipping into the water. Her claws scrabbled faintly on the wooden piles. She paddled easily along by the dark structure, fragrant with the fresh cold scent of water weeds. Her sleek side almost brushed against the slimy

stones and wood as she drifted, like a floating skin on the surface but for the gleaming watchful round eyes staring out.

She came to the corner of the little bridge—and out of the water a biting something seemed to leap: something that caught one hind limb near the paw, and bit and held her savagely. She struggled and ducked and rolled in the water, hissing and snarling at this unknown foe. She tried to swim away; but there was a rattle of chain and she was pulled back unceremoniously.

The jaws of a submerged rat-gin had seized her. She was held fast, for the gin was chained to the sill running at the foot of the low arched bridge.

She fought it until she was exhausted and her leg hurting like fire. Though the gin was powerful enough to hold her, it had not broken any bones, nor cut the skin. The teeth of it were round and blunt and not intended for such a victim.

When the bitch found she could not get away, she drew herself up on to the broad sill and fell to biting fiercely at the indifferent trap. She left her mark on it. However, that was no use. She only hurt her jaws. She gave it up, and crouched, waiting.

Instinctively she watched the top of the bridge, knowing that men passed that way. She was panting. Her grey body pressed in against the brickwork to gain all the cover possible.

There was full light now, and the broad glossy waters gleamed; folding and fluting out like molten lead in the sunbeams that strove through the screen of willows.

Now there was movement in the mill. The otter heard it. She slid silently from the sill; but still the inexorable chain held her. She could not understand this. Her leg was numb now and she could not feel the gin gripping her, except when it pulled her back. When she had stayed under water till there was no breath left in her lungs she crawled sullenly on to the stone. A few moments' rest and again she leapt. Four times more did she try. And four times more was she brought to a sudden halt that made the muscles of her thighs ache. At last she had to admit defeat. Weary and frightened, she lay there palpitating.

Fifteen minutes later the bitch's prominent eyes flashed wildly at the news her small ears brought. Hobnailed boots were moving across the gravel in front of the mill. The boots belonged to a carter. He was inspecting the traps. The mill was riddled with

rat-runs. Each morning the carter made his round, resetting those gins which had been sprung and throwing any victims to the razor-backed hog in the sty beyond the chestnut trees.

Nearer came the footsteps. The bitch flattened down, her eyes fixed on the bridge, waiting for the man to pass. He did not. He peered over, hoping he would not have to climb down to reset the gin, for he had a dread of falling in and being swirled away on the little rapid caused by jags of rock a few yards above the bridge. It took some moments for his dull brain to realise what had happened. Open-mouthed, he gazed down at the crouching otter, hissing defiantly at him.

Then he turned round and let forth an invitation :

'Hey, Mas' Tidey ! Come'n see what we've catched !'

Other footsteps came across the gravel and a second face peered down at the prisoner.

'Otter,' observed the miller laconically. "That'll be the mother. After them cubs Billy brought home. By Job," he went on, admiration in his voice, 'she's unaccountable plucky to come here like so. 'Tis a good three or four mile across the meadows 'cording to where Billy said he took 'em from. She must have been het up about it, to puzzle out the way so far.'

'Iss, surely,' the carter agreed, looking at the bitch with a speculative eye. She'd make a hem good skin. And if he caught Bludding the river-keeper in a good mood, he might get a bob out of him. . . .

'Climb down by the railings, George, and let her go,' the miller ordered.

'Eh ?' George did not comprehend such folly. 'Let un goo, Mas' Tidey ? But——'

'Go on,' Tidey returned curtly. 'We an't turning collectors, are we ?' He had wanted his son to take the cubs back to the river, but the boy wheedled permission to keep them.

The carter grunted but did not demur, except to protest that the otter would bite if he tried to handle her. Master was a fool ; still, a chap durstn't say so.

'Ah, maybe she would,' said the miller. 'Hop oaver to the yard and fetch a pole.'

George slouched away reluctantly. Arms resting on the white coping-stone, the miller stayed watching the bitch.

'Well,' he said conversationally, his voice low against the noise of water, 'I wouldn't have put that gin there, lady, if you'd

minded to tell me you were a-comin', looker. Reckon you deserved better'n that. Leastaways, them's my sentiments, though they beant everyone's. Noa, not by long chalks.'

But the otter did not understand. She crouched there mouthing at him, and expecting death, though she was still prepared to fight until that should come.

When the carter returned, bearing a ten-foot ash pole, Billy ran out after him, yelling excitedly to know what was 'on.' George told him. The precocious Pinkie pranced after them, sniffing at the carter's gaiters.

'Keep quiet,' the miller bade the boy. 'She's tarrified enough as it is, without you yawping in her ear. And hold that dog fast or back you go to the house.'

'What're you going to do, feyther?' asked the boy, setting himself and Pinkie on the coping. Boy and dog gazed down wide-eyed, Pinkie shivering with excitement. He began to struggle and whine.

'Master's gooin' to let un goo,' George informed Billy. His tone was acid.

The miller laughed calmly. 'Ay. That I am. Give me the pole, George, and doan't look so glum about it all.'

'Oah, Dad, woan't 'ee keep her?' the boy pled in a whisper. 'We could tame all three then—'

'You keep quiet, I tell 'ee, son,' the man answered warmly. 'You fair 'maze me. You've only to see an animal and you want to kill un or cage un.'

'Oah, but Dad.'

The miller paused in manœuvring the pole.

'Now,' he warned, grimly. 'One more peek out of you, Billy, and I'll baste 'ee with this.'

The carter winked.

The bitch tried to bite the pole, but the miller persisted, and after several attempts, deftly pressed open the gin and slid it away from the wounded leg.

'Go on, silly, go on,' he urged, for the otter did not realise she was free, her leg being numb. She lay flattened, spitting like a cat. The miller pushed the pole into her side. She leapt off the sill and immediately climbed back.

'She likes you too much, Mas'r,' George guffawed, still feeling sore. 'She mun've found out that 'ee belonged to the R.S.P.C.A., she mun.'

'If anyone toald me you were a wit, George,' murmured Mr. Tidey, still prodding the bitch, 'I'd say they wuz half right.'

At the third attempt he made the otter dive. This time she struck out and away. But she swam tardily, for her leg was dead until the circulation started again. The tapering tail helped her on her way. She had difficulty making headway against the current. However, she kept on, and, crossing the flow obliquely, drew in closer to the calmer waters near the bank.

Suddenly on the bridge there was a flash of white. Pinkie had slipped his collar, though not without the furtive connivance of the boy.

'Come back,' shouted the miller, his face congesting with anger. He crashed the pole down, but Pinkie had leapt from the coping-stone on to the bridle-path that kept the river company. Yapping frantically, his bloodlust roused, he raced along the mossy bank. He ran faster than the otter could swim, and soon drew level with the bobbing head.

Alarmed, the bitch hissed and dived. A moment's hesitation, and then the shivering foolhardy terrier took gingerly to water and struck out after the otter.

When the bitch knew she was being followed she turned and dived again and came up under the dog. There was no fight. What struggle there was ended in less time than it would have taken the bitch to beach a four-pound trout.

Pinkie was too busy fighting against the current to be able to fight his other foe. Savagely the bitch caught him by the throat. She bit and bit until her teeth met and her mouth was full of blood and water. As they drifted towards the bridge, she pulled Pinkie down and the struggling bodies churned the water silver.

Gamely the terrier tried to come to grips, fighting with his paws: he could not bite, for the bitch was under him, fanging the life out of him. And soon the struggles diminished and Pinkie's eyes dimmed. The bitch let go, for she had to rise to vent. The dog tried to rise, too, but his struggles now did not even cause foam. A last swarm of bubbles dithered up and burst. Then the walls of his lungs collapsed. The current dragged him along just below the surface. On the bank the boy hesitated, uncertain whether to wade in. His father shouted him away. He ran back to the bridge.

The black-and-white body, now pink about neck and shoulders, bumped against the slimy rocks and then shot under the bridge, under the staring eyes of the men.

The boy and the carter hurried to the other side. The boy had not yet properly grasped what had happened, so terrifyingly quick had it all been.

Then dead Pinkie appeared again, and the boy's brain was suddenly pierced with realisation. His lips quivered and then unconsciously wailed out his thoughts aloud:

'Pinkie was worth more'n a pair of filthy cubs!'

For a moment he watched the swirling body being borne farther away. He began to weep quietly. George grinned sheepishly, and looked from one to the other.

'Ay, maybe so,' the father said calmly. 'But 'twas your own fault. You'll be able to fetch him out when he comes up against the eyot.'

He had not turned as he spoke. He was still watching the bobbing head of the bitch. She was swimming more easily now, where the current was less turbulent. She grew smaller in the distance and presently looked the size of a water vole. Then she went from view altogether, and the watcher on the bridge turned and walked away to the millhouse. Breakfast had been ready long since.

That night the boy cried himself to sleep, high up in the millhouse. Once in a waking he thought he heard a whistle, and throwing off the clothes, he slipped across to the little window. But there was nothing outside, save the vast velvet night; the dull-gleaming black river, swirling on endlessly; the looming bastion of willows athwart the road; whilst in the calm wide stretch between weir and bridge, a cloud of stars danced to the tune of the lap-lap of water against the piles. And above all was the distant subdued roar of the weir, so even that it became part of the night's silence. Everything seemed to be so much vaster in the nightgleam, and presently, awed by this vastness, the boy shivered and stumbled back to the warm sheets.

Far away, four miles away, in the boskage at the foot of Dew-gates, a real whistle sounded out. Flutelike and urgent, it echoed and died across the pellucid water. The bitch otter called in vain. Search she did, but never did she find, nor answer did she get to her whistling. The scent round the pillaged hover had grown stale and faded. Like the scent, so did the bitch's memory fade. And when three more dawns had shattered a night sky, she had forgotten much.

MARKET DAY AT KARANGIA.

BY JANE WOODMAN.

I WAS awakened by the neighing of horses and recognised the deep-toned voice of Trojan, my chestnut, and the higher more hysterical notes of Saracen, D.'s black. They were tethered under a tree close by and for all the sound-proofing our grass shelter gave, might as well have been inside the hut. Through the open doorway I could see it was still bright moonlight, but there was that slight greyness in the sky which shows that dawn is near. Far away I heard a faint neighing and again our horses answered. Near by a newly awakened donkey caught up the refrain and immediately set about transmitting it to its companions far and near. Donkeys, like a large family of children one of whom contracts an infectious disease, do not catch it all together and get it over. They seem to wait until the first has reached its final ear-splitting 'haw' before the next begins its 'hee,' and so on until it seems that there is no reason why they should ever finish.

I felt thoroughly peevish as one does when disturbed unnecessarily early after a bad night, for all the dogs in the neighbourhood had spent the night barking, fighting, baying the moon and generally rejoicing in their strength on the common ground near the rest-house, until at last we had had to get up and chase them off with a revolver. I pulled the blankets closer round me, tucked up my feet and sleepily fell to wondering what we could have for lunch. Why on earth did African cooks never make anything but baked custard unless specially instructed to do so, even though they knew how to make half the sweets in *Mrs. Beeton*?

The cocks were crowing lustily, dogs, donkeys and horses were singing their morning hymn; and now cattle, sheep and goats were being released from their thorn-hedged corrals and joining in the chorus as they wandered away to their feeding-grounds. Pandemonium let loose. I began to see the humour of the situation. Here was I, in the midst of the most romantic surroundings imaginable, so blasé that all I could find to think of was food! I told myself good-humouredly that I was a fool and dozed again.

Suddenly a low, resonant and mournful sound filled the hut. I remonstrated drowsily.

'Darling,' I murmured. 'Must you snore?'

'What! Now what the devil is all this?' Suddenly awakened, D. shot up in bed.

I shot up too and found that all this was a cow, which had strolled in by one door and was now about to make her way out by the other, mooing plaintively as she went. She was departing enriched to the extent of a pair of D.'s jodhpurs which she had detached with her horn from the rope over which they had been hanging, and which now lay in an abandoned attitude on her back. They had never ridden cow before and looked as though they meant to make the most of their opportunity.

'Boy!' yelled D.

There was a sound of bare feet running and an ejaculation of mingled astonishment and horror as Yaro arrived and met the cow face to face. There was also a thud and a crash of crockery, whereat we groaned in unison. Obviously Yaro had been on the point of bringing us our morning tea. The noise attracted the small-boy and cook, who came flying to the rescue, retrieved the errant jodhpurs, and sped the cow upon her way with resounding slaps on her rump. Luckily nothing was broken and soon fresh tea was made and we were sitting outside the hut sipping contentedly as we watched the sunrise.

The rest-house had been built on a good site, on top of a slight rise overlooking the native town at a respectable distance. Our shelter was simply a hut made of grass mats and close by were similar smaller huts to accommodate the boys, kitchen, etc. They had been put up for us in the rest-house compound, the proper rest-house having 'died,' the local headman regretfully informed us, the previous rains. Its ruins were still standing, and judging by their condition it had been 'dead' many rains. The boys had a great time hunting iguanas, especial delicacies to them, with spears in the remains of the thatched roof.

The town was now well awake, the *ladan* had long since called the faithful to prayer, and the smoke from the cooking fires went up accompanied by a mighty thumping as the women pounded the grain in their mortars for the morning meal. Already people were collecting in the market-place at the foot of the hill and a new sound began to edge its way through the din—a cross between the bellow of a tired bull and the roar of a peevish lion. Camels.

For the beggars, or rather the traders, were coming to town with their caravans of camels, donkeys and cattle all laden down to Plimsoll line. They were wild-looking men, some in rags, some in tags and some in velvet gown, though not many of the last. They all carried spears and staves and very often an armoury of knives and old-fashioned small arms as well; and many of them wore enormous picturesque straw hats, any one of which would have caused a gasp of envious admiration on the Lido. Some of the caravans were in the charge of pale-skinned Arabs with faces veiled below the eyes (a very sensible fashion in view of the clouds of dust stirred up by the feet of their charges), and the trains numbered anything from one to fifty. They brought sacks of ground nuts, grain or gum arabic, or great bales of hides. Some of the men rode their pack-animals, others walked beside them or bestrode unkempt horses with long straggling manes and tails. We could see them coming in their hundreds, converging on the town from every point of the compass, and soon every tree in sight—there were not many—had a group of men and animals parked in its shade. The late-comers who were unlucky just squatted on the sand wherever there was room for them.

All this was very exciting for our horses, which seemed to be on speaking terms with every other horse in the vicinity. They shrieked incessantly and tramped furiously round their picketing pegs in their efforts to get free and join in the fun, but they were securely hobbled and had not a chance. If they had got loose there would probably have been a free-for-all, as they were at the top of their form after weeks of trekking and full of beans and corn. No wonder they screamed and snorted with annoyance at their captivity. The horse-boys could do nothing to soothe them but cluck at them impotently and give them food in the vain hope of diverting their attention from other attractions. Grooming did no good and they tried to bite anyone who went within reach. In the course of the day they managed to break most of their leather hobble-ropes and in the evening Saracen got away and 'went to bush' like a flash of black lightning. A weary horse-boy returned with him many hours later, having chased him half across the province according to his own account, and having only caught him at last with the assistance of the entire population of the village near which he had found him. Saracen's escape did not do Trojan any good, but luckily his picketing pegs held. Luckily, or his boy might have had to cover more than half the province

in his pursuit, for did he not win the Maiden Mile last Autumn Meeting?

After breakfast we decided to visit the market, and set off followed by various native officials who were in D.'s train. At the bottom of the hill we were met by the *sarkin kasuwa*—the king of the market—who is a sort of overseer responsible for the conduct of the market, and half a dozen *dogarai*, or native police, who assist him in his office. In this land of romance anyone may be a king and many are. The term is used widely. The caretaker of the rest-house is the *sarkin bariki*, the head butcher is the *sarkin pawa*, and when your boy is extra stupid you tell him in his own picturesque language that he is the *sarkin muntua*—the king of forgetfulness.

The *sarkin kasuwa* was arrayed in flowing robes of pale blue, with a long white turban-cloth wound round and round his red felt fez and round his throat and chin. In the right hand he carried a wicked whip of rhinoceros hide and in the left his rosary of ebony beads. The *dogarai* wore garments like long white nightgowns slashed with V-shaped godets of red, and red turbans. They also carried whips, with the exception of one very old gentleman who leant upon a long stout staff. This dear old soul looked the very personification of dignified and benevolent old age, with his seamed face and gentle expression and his wrinkled hands which yet grasped his staff firmly. We learned afterwards that he had formerly been the public executioner and that he was always asking when there was likely to be another job for him, lamenting the fact that his curved beheading sword had too long lain idle in these degenerate days.

The *sarkin kasuwa* with one of the *dogarai* went ahead to clear the way, while the rest spread out in a semicircle on either side and behind us to keep the crowd from coming too near. The news that a white man was in the market-place spread like wild-fire and in no time at all a crowd of several hundreds surrounded and followed us, interestedly staring and chattering, and continually being added to by others throughout our tour. The foremost and boldest, of course, were numbers of small naked urchins, who kept the *dogarai* busy. These noble defenders of our sacred persons frequently pretended to charge, cracking their whips the while, whereat the enemy retreated in wild disorder shrieking with simulated terror, only to return in augmented numbers a few moments later. A white man is a *rara avis* in that part of the

world, and it is doubtful whether a white woman had ever been seen there before. It is doubtful also whether the people were aware that they were seeing one then, and in my bush-kit of shirt, shorts and helmet, all the same as D.'s, they might easily be forgiven for failing to recognise me as the female of the species.

The market was arranged methodically in long alleys with booths on either side, and occasional smaller alleys leading through from one to the next. The different trades seemed to inhabit different alleys, and we first passed through the tailors' domain where the stalls were hung with a brave display of garments. In the dim interiors of the shelters the tailors were busy at their treadle sewing machines, working away amid a marvellous clatter, while outside their henchmen watched over the stock and served the customers.

The flies, which were appalling as was only to be expected in a hot and sandy region, were naturally thickest round the butchers' shops. Several animals had been slaughtered in honour of market-day and the meat was laid out on bamboo frames in the open in a cloud of dust and flies. Some of it was cut into small pieces which were stuck one above the other on skewers in a manner reminiscent of beef olives or that delicious Russian dish *shashlyk*. The skewers were then stuck in a circle in the ground and the meat roasted at a fire which burned in the centre.

Passing by way of potters' row, the wood market and the alleys of other trades we came to the dye-pits where a number of men armed with long poles were immersing cloth in deep well-like pits from which arose an evil acrid stench; the leather-workers' quarter where bridles, whips, sandals and riding-boots were for sale and ornate saddles built on heavy wooden frames; and finally found ourselves in the grain and ground-nut market.

Here was a scene of great activity. The air was loud with the voices of men and animals; camels complaining bitterly with grunts and groans as their drivers, uttering peculiar whoops like Scots in the ecstasy of a reel, persuaded them to kneel and allow themselves to be unloaded. The merchants were busy in their shelters bargaining with the caravan owners, while outside their men hauled and heaved the sacks of produce, piling them into great mounds higher than the surrounding huts, with the usual West African vocal accompaniment to their labours.

And then we met an old friend. A tall old man appeared on the threshold of one of the booths, and the moment he caught

sight of us he hastily shuffled out of his slippers and came hurrying across. Then dropping on his knees and bowing to the ground in salutation he poured forth a string of greetings and expressions of joy. I think we were almost as pleased to see him as he was to see us, but we were not quite so demonstrative about it! He was one Sulimanu, whom we had known and liked well in another part of the country some years before. He was an impressive figure, with keen eyes, regular clean-cut features and the little Mohammedan beard beneath the chin which all good Hausa men affect. He wore a heavily embroidered white robe, red fez and white turban-cloth, and had an authoritative and aristocratic air. He told us that when his time as interpreter, which had been his profession when we had known him before, had expired, he had had a nice little nest-egg stored away, so he had gone into the grain business in his own country. But then hard times had come and having heard that there was something to be made out of ground nuts he had left his country and trekked away up here. He was now settled in the neighbourhood, prosperous and respected, and quite one of the City Fathers.

But this morning he was worried. Since daybreak he had been expecting several large caravans from a certain place whose owners always dealt solely with him, but there was no sign of them. He had sent out scouts to look for them, but they had not found them. There was another mysterious circumstance. Sulimanu's only serious rival, Audu, whose methods could not afford too close an inspection according to Sulimanu, had not appeared at the market that day. One of his headmen was deputising for him and said that his master had been called away suddenly on business the night before but would soon return. The absence of Audu from market was unprecedented, and combined with the non-appearance of the expected caravans puzzled the old merchant greatly.

'That Audu is a worthless fellow,' he said. 'I suspect that he intends to do me harm. But do not let me occupy my mind with such matters when here I see you again. Madalla! May Allah increase your greatness!'

D. uttered a fervent 'Amin!'

Near by a few of Sulimanu's camels were lying in the shade of a mango tree, one of the she-camels with a young offspring beside her. The camel is surely the ugliest beast that was ever created, yet with that appealing quality possessed by any very

young thing the baby camel was really rather sweet. Its hair was brown and fluffy, and its look of innocence was ludicrously coupled with that innate air of insolent snobbery and superciliousness which their drooping eyelids and contemptuous lower lip give to all camels. When old Sulimanu saw that I was amused by it he wanted to give it to me on the spot.

'I can spare the mother,' he said. 'And when the little one needs her no more she can be returned to me. I had meant the young one for my daughter, but since the *uwargidda* admires it I hope she will accept it. Maidaria can have the next one.'

This was a poser. What does one do when presented with a camel-calf in the middle of a three-months' trek, at the end of which one is going on leave? With unaltered expression, I hoped, I turned to D.

'What does A. do?' I murmured, earnestly wishing I had never seen the animal.

'Accept it,' said D., 'and don't worry!'

I was somewhat surprised at his calmness, but did as he advised; and Sulimanu with many 'madalla's' summoned a minion and instructed him to lead Mrs. and Miss Camel up to the rest-house forthwith. I pictured the faces of our servants when they should see this addition to our household but dared not dwell on the picture for fear that my outward gravity might desert me. I glanced at D. and saw his lips quiver, but he turned quickly and began to ask Sulimanu about the health of his family in a voice whose firmness was unshaken.

When we had last seen Maidaria she had been a slim little brown thing just promoted from the leather girdle and string of beads of babyhood to the short body-cloth of very young girlhood. Now Sulimanu told us she was shortly to be married to the headman's son, an excellent young man to whom she had been betrothed for some time. Everybody concerned seemed very pleased with the arrangement, and the marriage when it came off in a couple of months' time promised to be a very smart affair.

When the old man begged us to honour him by resting awhile in his *zaure* which he assured us was not far away, we agreed gladly, for by now the day was very hot. A *zaure* is at once the main entrance to a compound, the place in which visitors are received and lodged, and the general living-room of the family. The doorway of Sulimanu's *zaure*, a mud-walled hut with a thatch roof, opened on to the market-place, another opposite to it led to the

compound itself, and against one wall was a mud dais. The low sides of the dais itself and the wall of the hut behind it were ornamented with rough carving, and the whole thing looked like a very primitive stage complete with back-curtain. These stages are the seats of the mighty and a feature of many *zaures*. They form the bed of the visitor by night, the lounge of the head of the family by day, and the platform from which he sets the world to rights of an evening before retiring to his private hut to sleep.

A couple of rickety deck-chairs, with red leather in place of canvas, were placed upon the dais for us, and Sulimanu went to fetch his favourite wife and daughter. They were sure to be at home, for the women-folk of a well-to-do Mohammedan seldom leave his compound. Maidaria's mother was a handsome woman, not of Sulimanu's own race, but a Fulani, a people whose women are acclaimed the most beautiful in all West Africa. Her daughter, a bright-faced child of fifteen or sixteen, was well named the Laughing One, but now her expression was as grave and decorous as she could make it and her eyes modestly cast down as good manners decree, as she and her mother kneeled and bowed before us. She had the pale *café-au-lait* skin of her mother's people, and was slim and tall for her age, with a small head and delicate features. With an elegance which would be hard to beat she wore a cloth wrapped closely round her from her arm-pits nearly to her ankles and she was adorned with many bangles and bracelets of silver and brass and enamel and at least half a dozen necklaces. Some, of beads, were wound tightly round her throat row upon row, making her neck appear incredibly long and slender. And long heavy silver and enamel ear-rings of beautiful and intricate workmanship fell down below her shoulders. Her hair was elaborately dressed in the Fulani fashion, in two tight plaits which curved downward and outward on either side of the face and a wide flat outward-curving strip at the back of the head. Altogether she was a pleasing sight.

'Come to the rest-house this evening, that the *uwargidda* may give you a wedding gift for Maidaria,' said D. to Sulimanu as we rose to go after renewing our acquaintance with the women.

By now I was beginning to feel that it must be nearly lunch-time, so we rewarded the *sarkin kasuwa* and attendant satellites suitably and turned homewards. On our way we visited the horses and found them being greatly worried. Insects were swarming up their legs and biting them so viciously that they bled. Big

brutes, the size of a little finger-nail, of a rich mahogany colour, oblong, thin as paper. This was my first introduction to these domestic pets, but afterwards I was to become unpleasantly familiar with them, often finding them happily ensconced in my suit-cases or mosquito-net and on one awful occasion even upon my person. The horse-boys said that these were of a particularly large brand which preyed upon cattle and that the ground beneath all the trees was thick with them. However, we had the horses removed to another tree farther away and they did not seem to be touched there. But that may have been owing to the fact that we had their legs coated thickly with a mixture of native butter and snuff, and even a bug won't swallow that.

Towards tea-time, while we were seeking relief beneath our mosquito-nets from the flies which made the day hideous, there was a sudden tremendous uproar from the market. There was a noise like thunder and the ground seemed to shake as if at the stampede of a thousand elephants, while shouts and screams mingled with the frightened shrieks of horses to swell the din. We jumped out of bed and ran to the door. People were streaming from the market-place and rushing wildly away in all directions and it was the thudding of their running feet that we had heard. There was nothing to be seen to account for the sudden exodus. We sent a boy hotfoot to find out what it was all about, but he returned none the wiser for the men he had asked did not appear to know the reason for their flight. It seemed difficult to believe that the people did not know why they were running away, but not impossible if one were at all familiar with the wonderful ways of the West African. A panic-stricken few had probably stampeded the whole crowd. Anyhow, we knew we should hear all the news when our followers came to make their evening salutations, so we possessed our souls in patience.

After tea the usual routine began. We sat outside the *rumfa* and the horse-boys paraded with the saddlery for inspection. After that another 'king' craved an audience; the *sarkin alaro*, the headman of carriers, wanting his orders for the morrow. He was an amusing old ruffian, with the bulbous nose, wide mouth, twinkling little eyes and marvellous beery voice of the genuine low comedian. He was of a negroid type, with thick neck and receding forehead. His head was so straight at the back that if it had not been for his large ears it would have been hard to tell where neck ended and head began. And billows of fat flowed up the back

of his neck like a series of grotesque double chins. He affected a pair of once-white baggy pantaloons—we could never decide whether they were long shorts or short longs—and a sleeveless upper garment on which the trademark of the cloth was still stamped in blue across the chest. No doubt he thought that that was as good as embroidery and a lot cheaper. Although a professed Mohammedan he was addicted to native beer and sometimes rolled up for his orders with several sheets in the wind. On these occasions D. always refused to see him, but he was a source of much merriment to our boys. He certainly was funny, with his hat tilted rakishly forward over one eye, his expansive gestures, ultra-politeness and general air of geniality. That evening he was sober and D. told him to be ready with his men at six o'clock the next morning, for we were moving on.

Then the various officials came on the scene accompanied by Sulimanu and seated themselves in a semicircle on the sand. After salutations had been exchanged D. asked the cause of the afternoon's uproar and everybody began to talk at once. Sulimanu had been quite right, it turned out, about 'that' Audu. There had been dirty work at the cross-roads quite literally that day, and the rush from the market-place was one of the by-products of his villainy.

When we had appeared in the town the evening before market-day Audu, the wily old bird, had had a very bright idea. He knew perfectly well who D. was and why he was at Karangia, and that he had nothing whatever to do with public health, but that did not deter him. A great many of the people of that part of the world were at that time ignorant and backward and had all a primitive people's shyness of anything new. Although ravaged by diseases they accepted them as the will of Allah and it did not occur to them to try to do anything to better their lot, so that although smallpox was by no means uncommon in their villages during the dry season they tended to evade all attempts to vaccinate them. Knowing this Audu thought he saw his way to steal a march on his rival and bring off a *coup*. Very early that morning, long before daybreak, he had collected his men, camels, certain heavy bags and empty sacks and slipped away quietly some miles through the bush. When he came to the place where the main trek route met the path along which would come the special caravans expected by Sulimanu he sat down and chuckled in his beard, awaiting events.

Presently the first caravan hove in sight and when it came up with him Audu hailed the drivers and entered into conversation with them. In West Africa it is not considered rude to ask a complete stranger his business. Indeed, one is more likely to be considered to be lacking in courtesy and interest if one does not. So it was perfectly easy and natural for Audu to ask them if they were going to Karangia market and then to say that so was he, so they could travel on together. He asked them next if they had heard the news, that there was a white vaccinator there. Immediately they became terrified. Surely knowing this he was not going on? He said he was not afraid, he would evade the knife somehow. The drivers marvelled at his courage and said that nothing would persuade *them* to enter the town now. Yet what were they to do? They had engaged to sell their produce to Sulimanu, but they dared not go on, although they needed the money.

'I will help you,' said Audu. 'I will buy your goods. See, here is money. Of course I cannot give you the full price, as I have to transport the stuff many miles to the town. But if you do not wish to go on yourselves or to take your goods back home again, here I am and I will buy.'

Never doubting his word, the people saw themselves in a cleft stick, so they took what he offered and departed to their own places, far from satisfied with the bargain, for their profit was practically nil, but congratulating themselves heartily on having escaped so providentially the dreaded knife.

All went swimmingly and by afternoon Audu's sacks were full, though his money-bags were not empty, and he only waited for night to fall before returning secretly to town with his ill-gotten gains. He knew that he had acted unlawfully in thus intercepting the people and causing them by false pretences to sell him their goods below market prices, but he told himself it was their own fault if they were fools enough to be taken in and did not allow his conscience to trouble him. The people he had swindled had been inhabitants of a distant district and he felt quite safe. His own men were to be trusted, for he had bribed them well.

But, unnoticed by him or his men, there had been a man of Karangia travelling with one of the caravans. This man was an old soldier and had no fear of vaccinators, black or white. He rode on, quietly pondering over the story while Audu detained the caravan drivers, and it was he who was the innocent cause

of the dash from the market. When he reached the town he was hailed on all sides by his friends.

'So!' he remarked to some of them. 'You have the white man with the knife here, the vaccinator?'

'Vaccinator! Is that white man a vaccinator? Ho! So *that* is why he was walking all round the market this morning. Of course! He was selecting those whom he would scratch. *Kai!* Perhaps he chose me, perhaps you, Ali, or you, Dan Gogo. Hey, friends! The white man is a *vaccinator!*'

'Vaccinator!' 'Vaccinator!'

The word was taken up on every side, and in a flash panic broke out. In vain the enlightened minority had endeavoured to calm the people's fears and bring them back to the market. But no, they had had a nasty shock and would not feel really easy in their minds until they had placed many miles between them and the rest-house on the hill; for although some of them had indeed fled at first for no other reason than that all were fleeing, the news that D. was a vaccinator spread like a bush-fire and was soon common property for miles around. So the people went, with a fine blood-curdling tale to relate to their stay-at-homes.

When the ex-soldier heard that D. was not a vaccinator after all, he reported Audu's knavery to the village headman who collected a number of his friends and went off to apprehend the villain of the piece. At the same time messengers were sent all round the district to contradict the story the bad old man had set afoot. Thus ended the tale, and apparently the career, of Audu the Audacious.

We had decided on a course of action with regard to the camel, and when the officials had been dismissed D. broached the matter to Sulimanu.

'The *uwargidda* is delighted with the camel,' said D. 'It is quite the most beautiful camel she has ever seen and she has always desired to own one. But unfortunately camels will not thrive in our country and we are shortly going on leave. Therefore we are in a dilemma, but we think we see a way out of it if you will help us, Sulimanu. It breaks our hearts to suggest it, for it means that we must part with the camel.'

Here Sulimanu's face fell and I began to fear that he might be hurt. But D., the master of diplomacy, had the situation well in hand.

'Rather do we prefer to suffer from the parting,' he went on, 'than that any ill should befall the camel. Consequently we

have decided on the very best possible thing that can happen for that fortunate animal. We feel sure that you will agree with us. The *uvargidda* has named it "Lafia," and what better gift can one offer a bride than "Happiness" ?

Sulimanu's eyes lit up.

'We wish to bestow "Lafia" on Maidaria as a wedding gift and with it this silk scarf which the *uvargidda* brought from England.'

The old man's delight showed that we had indeed done the right thing, and we breathed again. And soon he was going down the hill carrying with great care the scarf, a bottle of scent for himself and a bead necklace for Maidaria's mother. Behind him our little White Elephant minced haughtily beside her august parent.

The night was cool and we sat outside before a roaring fire. All was peace. Fires twinkled here and there among the sand-hills where our carriers were encamped, and faint sounds of laughter and song came to us on an occasional breeze. Grouped round a cheerful blaze near the market-place the lads of the town under their teacher were reciting passages from the Koran with more strength of lung than understanding; and the thumping of the grain-mortars in adjacent compounds announced that their suppers would soon be ready. From our servants' quarters came a continual murmur of sound—the never-silent voice of the cook flowing ceaselessly on—and someone twanged a stringed instrument and sang softly to himself. The full moon would soon be rising and the stars were wonderfully bright. Trojan raised his head from his bundle of hay and blew contentedly through his nose, while somewhere in the landscape a panting horse-boy plodded through the sand cursing a bad black horse. We raised our glasses and smiled at each other.

'Here's "Lafia" !'

TWO CHILDREN'S POEMS.

I. TO A SEAGULL.

MINE but to gaze, while thou art free to fly
 Far out beyond the limit of my sight,
 A triple Kingdom, earth and sea and sky
 Is thine to compass in unfettered flight,
 On sun-kissed crag like sentinel to stand,
 No vantage point beyond thy questing reach,
 Soaring, to swoop and flit along the strand
 Or fish the pools upon the rock-strewn beach.
 Herald of Storm! skimming the crested wave,
 Thine is the freedom of the boundless sea,
 What mighty seaman, calm in ocean grave,
 Has passed his dauntless spirit on to thee,
 To bear, in storm or sunshine, witness clear
 Of that glad freedom England holds so dear?

MONICA M. BRIDGEN,
 (aged 15).

II. 'CRÉCY.'

THE clash of arms, the stamp of steed,
 The trumpet's stirring call.
 To-day the thirsty earth shall feed
 On the blood of those that fall.

The roll of drum, the tilt of lance,
 The cavalry moves forth
 To meet the proud array of France,
 That spread to South and North.

To-day on Crécy's glorious field
 The cannon's roar doth sound,
 A weapon new for man to wield,
 Now for the first time found.

Again St. George has won the day!
 Thanks to the English bows,
 And we have kept the French at bay—
 So perish all our foes!

WILLIAM VAN STRAUBENZEE
 (aged 10).

'SHUT UP BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.'

BY JAMES FERGUSON.

Few things seem quite so dead as a long-repealed Act of Parliament; and an Act which was injudicious in its begetting, unpopular in its application, and remained for only five years on the Statute Book, might fairly be considered not worth resurrecting even in a magazine article. But the story of the Shop Tax imposed during the younger Pitt's first ministry is a good example of what entertainment can be found in the by-ways of history.

It was just over 150 years ago—on May 9, 1785—that William Pitt, then only twenty-five years old, opened his first Budget. The tax which in the course of it he proposed to lay upon retail shops was one of several measures designed to raise revenue; for Great Britain was still in an impoverished state, not having yet recovered from the financial strain and commercial losses of the American war. The tax was to be levied proportionately on shop rents, and was to range from a shilling in the pound on shops whose yearly rent was between £4 and £10 to two shillings in the pound on those whose rent was £25 and upwards. Pitt estimated that this measure would produce at least £120,000 a year. By way of recompense to the retail dealers, he proposed to abolish the licences granted to hawkers and pedlars who were considered to injure the shopkeepers by their competition, besides being 'a kind of nursery for inland smuggling.' The tax, he added, 'would not cost the nation anything in collecting, as he intended it should be collected with the house-tax.'

This proposal met with a good deal of opposition, led by Fox; and the debate on it which took place on May 23 was resumed on the 26th and 30th. Among its opponents was a Scottish member, George Dempster, representing the Forfar and Fife burghs, who attacked with particular energy the clause relating to the hawkers and pedlars. Recalling the sparsely populated rural districts of his native Angus, to whose inhabitants the pedlars were of the greatest service, he reminded Pitt of the 'many persons so situated, that the shop must come to them, as it was utterly impossible for them to go to the shop.'

The general ground of opposition, however, was the assertion that the tax would be an unfair oppression on the ordinary small shopkeeper. This objection was attacked with ponderous sarcasm by one of Pitt's supporters, Sir Gregory Page Turner, M.P. for Thirsk. 'I do not conceive,' he declared, 'that it will be burdensome to the shopkeeper. It is true, it may not enable him to go out in his one-horse chaise, his phaeton, or keep his country-house; but will that prove his ruin? Are not these superfluities with which he may easily dispense?'

The House enjoyed Sir Gregory, and a majority of it did not disagree with him. Fox's eloquence did not turn the scale, and his personal followers had been enormously reduced by the landslide election of the previous year. Pitt's proposal to tax retail shops was accordingly carried by 111 votes to 73.

Pitt had probably not realised how unpopular the Shop Tax would be in every town and city in Great Britain; but he was soon wiser. The tax was not to come into force until July 5, but immediately it became law the shopkeepers of London arranged a day of general protest. It must be confessed that in public demonstrations we cannot compete in artistic effectiveness with our eighteenth-century ancestors. The streets of London on June 14, 1785, must have presented a striking spectacle. A few tradesmen who happened to be particularly dependent on members of the government opened their doors; but every other shop in London was closed, draped with black crape, and displaying a hatchment as though for a funeral. The whole city seemed to be in mourning. Among the black hangings appeared terse and sometimes witty inscriptions—'No Pitt,' 'No Shop-Tax,' 'Lighten our darkness, O Pitt,' 'Shut up by Act of Parliament,' and 'This shop to let, for particulars enquire of Mr. Pitt!' Two of the best were a poster, displayed presumably by a bookseller, which proclaimed in black-letters '*The Works of William Pitt*,' and a couplet which ran thus:

'Old Pitt raised England to the height of glory;
Young Pitt will raise us to the attic story.'

The London mob, which, as the Gordon Riots had recently shown, could be a very serious menace when roused, expressed its sympathy with the shopkeepers. Pitt was abused and hissed as he left his carriage at the entrance of the House of Commons; and on his return to Downing Street his carriage was not only hissed and hooted but pelted with dirt and stones all the way. Three

members who were known for his supporters were similarly treated, and were forced to take shelter in a coffee-house in Parliament Street.

These doings in London were widely reported in the provincial newspapers and in Scotland also. All over the country the shopkeepers followed the example of their London brethren. Edinburgh's protests were orderly, however. The merchant company of the city held a meeting on May 28, while the Shop Tax was still before the House, and unanimously decided the measure to be 'partial and oppressive.' They took steps to instruct the Member of Parliament for their city, Sir Adam Fergusson, and the member for the county of Edinburgh, Henry Dundas, to oppose the tax. Their trouble was wasted: Dundas and Fergusson were both supporters of Pitt.

Another meeting of Edinburgh shopkeepers was held on September 6 to consider an application to Parliament for the tax's repeal, and on February 14 of the following year a still larger one, including the merchants of the Canongate and Leith, met to discuss a petition which had been drawn up. The gathering was so large that it had to meet 'in the New Church ayle.' It was announced that Sir Adam Fergusson, who had been approached by the committee of the Edinburgh shopkeepers, 'though he very politely offered to present their petition, yet he, at the same time, with his usual candour, declared he could not give it his support in the House.' The meeting thereupon tactfully decided that 'it would be paying no compliment to Sir Adam, to transmit the petition to him,' and resolved to ask William Adam, M.P. for the Elgin burghs, and nephew of Robert Adam the architect, to be their champion.

In England the Shop Tax produced much more violent protests than in Edinburgh. At Bristol, for instance, not only were shops shut and hung with mourning, but the church bells were rung, muffled, as though for a national calamity. At Norwich an effigy of Pitt was conducted through the town on horseback, attended by six executioners and hailed with yells of abuse, to be hanged and burned on Moushold Heath. But the demonstrations of the Bath shopkeepers were more picturesque than anything else outside London. The mourning draperies were diversified with weeping willows, and velvet palls were hung over the shop-counters. Poetic inscriptions were also seen, of which the most original, combining popular sentiment with a neat advertisement, was that of Miss Pit-

cairn 'at the Tapioca Shop, in the Grove,' who crossed out the first syllable of the name on her shutters and displayed underneath :

'The name of PITT's so odious grown,
Tho' that made up one-half my own,
That lo ! I do renounce it truly
On this detested 5th of Ju-ly !
And know from hence (sans hoca poca)
That *Agnes 'Cairn* sells Tapioca.'

Pressure against the tax continued, directed in the House of Commons, as before, by Fox. He moved for leave to bring in a bill for its repeal on March 11, 1787, but his proposal was negatived after a short debate by 141 votes to 98. Sir Gregory Page Turner obliged with another speech, which 'convulsed the whole House with laughter,' but this time in opposition to the tax. "I envy you exceedingly," wrote Dempster, who had not been present, to Fergusson, 'the satisfaction of hearing Sir G. Page's oration on the shop tax. It would have overcome my gravity as well as somnolency.'

Pitt finally gave way, and the tax was repealed, on Fox's motion, in 1789. Dempster remembered the hawkers and pedlars, and followed up the repeal with a proposal to restore their licences, which was also successful. In the Budget debate of that year he declared his determination 'to oppose every tax that should be attempted to be laid on this already too-much-burthened country.'

REPRIEVE.

BY C. C. VYVYAN.

ANDREW MACNAB sat in his cottage.

It would have been dark as the lair of any secret-living rodent, had it not been that the darkness of that kitchen was every now and then threatened, rather than illuminated, by a glow from the hearth; and then, when the glow was brightest, a turf would fall, fulfilling that one destiny at any rate by its dissolution into soft white ash. But it would fall without a sound and immediately the shadows would close in again. Andrew, however, took no heed of darkness nor of glow, as he sat there with hands interfolded on his knees, brooding on the unpredicted month and day and hour of Sandy's death.

He and Sandy had no companion but each other now. Not that they needed any other and indeed that poor feckless woman who for many years had called herself Janet Macnab never had been anything one might call company. A pale wisht-looking creature she had always been, except in those few months of courtship when she had caught from her mistress in the Glen something that only the lady of a Laird may always have and hold. What was it then, this something? And indeed he could not tell. Not beauty, but a way of speech and looking that made her proud and different from other lassies, something that had drawn him week after week up the Glen until——

Well, that folly was all soon over and little joy he had ever known of her, with her white face and drooping hands and feckless ways. And always that foolish talking. Why must a woman always be running on like a burn that cannot, even if it would, keep still? Always pestering him with words and words and more words, even as she lay dying, all those many years ago. 'Andrew,' she must be saying, 'I've been a guid wife to ye, Andrew.' And then again, when his own silence ought to have taken hold of her: 'Andrew, I've been a guid wife to ye, Andrew.' But that was the last of her talking, for even while he made answer, just to bring himself ease and quiet, and said to the foolish woman 'Middling,' she gave one sigh and then there were no more questions she could put to him.

Well, he and Sandy had no companion but each other now. Not that he would call back Jamie and Gordon from across the seas, for little use had they ever been to him and little use would they be now. They had made their own bed and let them lie on it. What was it to him and Sandy if Gordon wrote from the Prairie and said they were going to sell him up unless he could get help, and the wife ailing and another bairn on the way and there was nothing left for him but to take his life unless his father—— Well, Gordon always was a hot one with words and a poor thing when it came to money. But it was Jamie, the great white-lipped, soft-handed Jamie who had spoken that thing when Maggie went her own fool's way. 'I'll never darken your doors again,' he had said, 'sin ye wullna shelter your ain daughter though she may be dying in a ditch the morrow.' After all it was good riddance of all three, they brought him nothing then and they would bring him nothing now. It was best for him and Sandy to fend for themselves alone, as they had done for many years. But now, with the hardest time of winter coming on, there were things that must be looked in the face.

Andrew Macnab shifted his position, crossed his legs and clasped both hands around one knee, crouching over the hearth; every muscle was tense as he concentrated on his problem. He began to talk aloud as if his own words would help him to resolve the question.

'It would be a shocking waste of good money, Sandy. Indeed, indeed it would not be worth the siller. If I could take it out for a quarter, or even for six months, then maybe it would be worth while for me to part with the money, but a whole lang year, it costs a deal, it does, and ye wullna last that lang, my friend.'

There was a wistful look in Sandy's golden eyes as he laid his head against his master's knee and looked up to that straggling grizzled beard and the sharp blue eyes that were overhung by shaggy brows well drawn together. He looked into the well-known face, the face that never changed for Sandy with the passing of the years, it was always just the same, but never had it meant very much to him, for always it had been the touch or smell or voice of his master that had claimed unchanging recognition and compelled unchanging love. The lean old sheep-dog placed one paw upon Andrew's knee, as if he fain would understand the words that were spoken to him, but he made no other answer to his master's speech. Andrew looked at him and put his head aside; he rose

and reached up to a beam overhead and took down an old shot-gun that was balanced on three nails ; he opened a drawer in the kitchen table, took out two cartridges and laid them beside the gun. Then, leaving Sandy curled up in front of the glowing peats, he fumbled his way upstairs in the darkness, unlatched his door and went to bed.

That night while Andrew Macnab slept he dreamed and in the dream he was feeling a weight of misery upon him. He could not understand its origin. It was not actual pain nor actual fear, but it was worse than either ; it was like a black despair welling up from within, more terrible to combat than any danger threatening from without. He was not alone, but the sense that he had companions all about him gave him no feeling of security nor warmth, for he and they alike were moving slowly forward, impelled by something that they could not see nor hear nor touch, on and on in a waste country where the very barrenness was a kind of agony. There was in him a terrible yearning that filled his whole being, but it was a yearning for he knew not what, and the slow companioned progress that he made brought no sense of hope nor sense of any near fulfilment. There was very little light and the mist that bounded them on every side held no drop of moisture. It was a dry and hostile mist and it never lifted all the time, while, sick at heart and uncertain of their purpose, he and the other shapes moved slowly forward, and ever and again there would emerge from the mist other figures to swell their company.

Now they were all still, gazing across a space that was not flowing river nor blue mist nor any known thing from the world of rock and earth and air and water ; but although it moved not, yet it seemed like a mighty flowing barrier set between them and the fairest land that ever was, a garden full of forms that moved in some light of happiness. The sad company stood there in silence, gazing across at that land of birds in sunshine, of flowers and cool fountains, where happy creatures were moving to and fro all unaware of any other thing than gladness, and as they gazed with straining eyes they were all leaning in the same direction, towards that flowing barrier, towards that happy land, leaning with arms outstretched like wind-blown trees on a heath.

Now there would be one figure from among the glad ones who would come easily across the way that flowed between the two companies, and with shining eyes would lead one of those leaning ones by the hand, and together, slowly, painfully, they would pass back across the barrier into that place of happiness. Sometimes it

would be a child who made that double journey and sometimes a grown person, and every time that one from among that sad crowd was fetched away, a sigh would pass through all the others, as when leaves of birches in the glen are stirred by wind that eddies downward from the hills.

And all the while, like some anxiety grown weightier with silence, black misery was gathered in the soul of Andrew Macnab.

No figure from among the glad ones beckoned to him and he strained his eyes in search of something, someone, that should take his sorrow from him. What was it? Who was it? He could not tell. Surely it was something lost or forgotten very long ago. He thought about his parents, but he scarcely could remember them, only he recalled that struggle for existence in a family where many children gathered hungrily around a little food. He thought about his wife and how the love of their brief courtship had shrivelled and died between them in a little space of time. Then he thought of his two sons and of his only daughter, out in the world with never a touch of kinship passing now between himself and them. There was an aching loneliness within him, as if he had awakened from some comfortable dream only to find emptiness within and emptiness without, with all known landmarks vanished. There was something he had missed, lost, or forgotten, very long ago. There was something he must search for now. In an anguish of mind that grew deeper every moment he peered across the barrier.

Now that anguish had become something even harder to be borne. An overmastering excitement and anxiety took hold of him, he was weak as water and trembling like a new-born lamb. What was that familiar form discerned across the barrier, coming out from among the glad ones, coming, surely, towards himself? Could it be? Oh, if only it were true! Nearer and nearer now. Yes, there could be no mistaking that shaggy head, there was Sandy making towards him, there was Sandy coming just as if his master had whistled to him. Andrew found himself panting heavily. 'Sandy my dog!' he cried in his heart, 'are ye coming over?'

The dog was coming over. The traverse of that way was easy enough for him and now his golden eyes were looking up into the face of his master. He landed on the shore and with love and trust in his eyes put up one paw and rubbed himself against his master's leg. Andrew with a smothered cry grasped the rough thick hair on Sandy's neck, and the dog, without lingering a moment,

turned round to begin the backward journey. Slow and difficult it was, but Sandy pulled and strained with all his strength while Andrew held firmly to him, until together they landed on the other shore. A strange annihilating feeling welled up in Andrew's heart, a wave of love and gratitude. 'Sandy!' he cried, 'my dog, my ain dog!'

Andrew Macnab awoke with a queer sensation in his eyes. He put up one hand to his face and found that there were tears upon his cheeks. It was pitch dark and very cold in the little bedroom. He lit a candle and dressed himself and stumbled down the stairs. He blew up the peats until there was a smouldering glow and then he set the porridge on the fire to warm.

'Ye'll be needing a good feed this morn,' he said to Sandy, 'we've a lang way to gang.'

After the two had fed, Andrew wrapped his plaid about him and put his bonnet on his head and took a stout stick from behind the kitchen door; then he set out, with Sandy following close behind him, locked the door of the cottage and hid the key beneath a flat stone in a tuft of heather some twenty yards away.

Snow was falling and a bitter wind blew from the north. Andrew set his face toward the Glen and the pass that led between the hills, and all the way he kept his head down, facing into the wind, and all the way Sandy was close beside his heels. Mile after mile they trudged on in silence; the snowflakes whirled about them but in falling made no sound; each step of man and dog with soft but noiseless pressure left darkened bruises on the snow; now and then some shepherd would loom up into their little space of vision, like a ship in fog, disappearing quietly, but Andrew gave no greeting and the other steps were always muffled like his own.

After ten miles' walking, they came to the small town and Andrew made for the Post Office. He entered, shaking the snow from his plaid, and spoke curtly to the young woman behind the counter.

'I want a licence for a dog,' he said.

HARTLEY.

BY IRIS ORIGO.

A LITTLE boy, lying in bed one night in the year 1802, was feeling unhappy. He called for a candle—the *seems*, he said, were making him miserable. ‘What do you mean, my love?’ ‘The seems, the seems. What seems to be and is not, men and faces, and I do not know what—ugly and sometimes pretty, and those turn ugly, and they seem when my eyes are open, and worse when they are shut—and the candle cures the *seems*.’ The little boy was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge—and in his puzzled efforts to distinguish between imagination and reality, he was already dutifully treading in his father’s footsteps. His first doubts as to [the reality, the permanence, of the visible world had seized him a few months earlier, when he was only five years old. Looking out of the study window, across the Keswick valley—so Coleridge tells us with satisfaction—Hartley ‘fixed his eyes steadily and for some time on the opposite prospect and said, “Will yon mountains *always* be?”’ But his father offered him no reassurance. No, he ‘showed him the whole magnificent prospect in a looking-glass, and held it up, so that the whole was like a canopy or ceiling over his head,’ while the poor child ‘struggled to express himself concerning the difference between the thing and the image, almost with convulsive effort.’ ‘I never saw before,’ comments his father, ‘such an abstract of thinking as a pure act of energy—of thinking as distinguished from thought.’

Poor bewildered little Hartley! to be a poet’s child—to be the child of Coleridge—that must surely have been a confusing, a strange, an exciting introduction to life! It must have made childhood very different from most other childhoods. ‘Hartley fell down and hurt himself—I caught him up crying and screaming and ran out of doors with him. The Moon caught his eye—he ceased crying immediately—and his eyes and the tears in them, how they glittered in the moonlight!’ How odd, how agreeable, to have a father whose thoughts turned naturally to moonshine rather than to liniments as a cure for the pain of a bruise! And then, on growing up, how amusing, how flattering to find the

unshed tears of one's childhood glittering once more in the Ancient Mariner's eye!

But if Hartley, from his earliest babyhood, was the plaything of Coleridge's poetic fancies, he was also from the first the object of a serious—we might indeed say a solemn—paternal solicitude. On receiving the news of the baby's birth the poet, according to his own account, retired to his room to address himself to his Maker, but on finding that he could only 'offer up to Him the silence of stupefied feelings,' he hurried home—writing a sonnet on the way—and there 'scanned that face of feeble infancy' for 'all I had been, and all my child might be!' 'When I first saw the child,' he told Poole, with disarming frankness, 'I did not feel that thrill and overflowing of affection which I expected. I looked on it with a melancholy gaze; my mind was intensely contemplative and my heart only sad. But when two hours after I saw it at the bosom of its mother, on her arm, and her eye tearful and watching its little features, then I was thrilled and melted, and gave it the Kiss of a *father* . . .' The boy was named David Hartley, after the philosopher to whom Coleridge owed many of his deepest convictions. 'I hope that ere he be a man,' he wrote, 'if God destines him for continuance in this life, his head will be convinced of, and his heart saturated with, the truths so ably supported by that great master of *Christian* philosophy.'

Hartley's birth was soon followed by that of another boy, who was also duly named after a philosopher, Berkeley, but this second child only lived a few weeks, and when the news of its death reached Coleridge in Germany, it was to Hartley, rather than to his dead baby, that he turned his thoughts. The baby of fourteen weeks had not yet found a place in his heart. He did indeed repeat to himself the words: 'But Death—the death of an infant—of one's own infant!'—but they awakened no feeling in him, only abstract reflections on the nature of consciousness and immortality. And forthwith he writes to Thomas Poole about 'This strange, strange scene-shifter Death!—that giddies one with insecurity. . . . But,' he adds, 'I cannot truly say that I grieve. I am perplexed—I am sad—and a little thing—a very trifle—would make me weep—but for the death of the baby I have *not* wept!' His thoughts centred upon his surviving child, Hartley; he was haunted by a thousand tormenting fantasies; he saw the same fate overtaking Hartley too. 'Dear lamb!' he wrote to Poole, 'I hope he won't be dead before I get home. There are

moments in which I have such a power of life within me, such a *conceit* of it, I mean, that I lay the blame of my child's death to my absence. *Not intellectually*; but I have a strange sort of sensation as if, while I was present, none could die whom I entirely loved, and doubtless it was no absurd idea of yours that there may be unions and connections out of the visible world. . . . My dear Poole,' he added, 'don't let little Hartley die before I come home. That's silly—true—and I burst into tears as I wrote it.'

Hartley, as we know, did not die. He lived to inherit Coleridge's looks, his inward imagination, his indolence, his melancholy—almost every quality of his father's, in fact, excepting his genius—and it was for this child, his first-born, that Coleridge reserved the fullness of his love. In the little cottage at Nether Stowey, when Hartley was still in his cradle, a visitor describes the poet 'hanging over his infant and talking to it, fancying what it will be in future days,' and on winter nights, sitting alone by the cottage fire, Coleridge would remember his own schooldays 'in the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,' and prophesy for his son a happier future.

'But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds . . .'

The cottage was small and simple,—'three rooms below, and three above, all small'—and it was also servantless, so that Coleridge sometimes found himself obliged to undertake a nursemaid's duties.¹ 'You would smile,' he wrote to Thelwall, 'to see my eye rolling up to the ceiling in a lyric fancy, and on my knees a diaper pinned to warm.' But Coleridge's paternal tenderness survived even this test. 'My little David Hartley grows a sweet boy,' he wrote, 'and has high health; he laughs at us till he makes us weep for very fondness.' Even the most prosaic functions of infancy were transformed in Papa's imagination. 'David Hartley is well, saving that he is sometimes inspired by the God Aeolus, and like Isaiah, "his bowels sound like an harp."' In the following spring another baby was born and was named Derwent, after the river which flowed before the house. 'A sweet, lovely little Fatty,' Dorothy Wordsworth called him—but Southey, comparing him

¹ Mrs. Coleridge, according to Dorothy Wordsworth, was 'a sad fiddle-faddler. From about half-past ten on Sunday morning until two, she did nothing but wash and dress her two children and herself, and was just ready for dinner.'

with his brother, remarked that 'all Hartley's guts are in his brains, and all Derwent's brains are in his guts.' 'From earliest infancy,' noted their father, 'Hartley was absent, a mere dreamer at his meals, put the food into his mouth by one effort, and made a second effort to remember it was there and swallow it. With little Derwent it is a time of rapture and jubilee, and any tale that has not *pie* or *cake* in it comes very flat to him.'

No aspect of the children's infancy, no game invented by them, was unworthy of the poet's attention. Watching them at their play, he would draw out his notebook and solemnly add one more to his *List of Subjects to do with Infants and Infancy*, or, writing to his friends, would depict a series of vivid, tender 'Kinderszenen.' 'Children in the wind—hair floating, tossing, a miniature of the agitated trees below which they played. The elder whirling for joy, the one in petticoats, a fat baby eddying half-willingly, half by the force of the gust, driven backward, struggling forward—both drunk with a pleasure, both shouting their hymn of joy.' His letters abound in such charming pictures. 'Little Hartley is a spirit that dances on an aspen-leaf . . . the darling of the sun and breeze.' And from these fleeting impressions poetry was distilled.

'A little child, a limber elf
Singing, dancing to itself;
A faery thing with red round cheeks
That always *finds* and never *seeks*. . . .'

For as Hartley grew older Coleridge began to find in his son a reflection of his own dreams, an eager, delighted response to his own fantasies. Before the child had yet reached his second birthday, Coleridge was writing to Sara, urging her to teach him to read, and to prepare herself for this task by studying Edgeworth's *Essay on Education*. By the time that he was three, his resemblance to his father was already perceptible. 'My talkativeness is his,' Coleridge notes, 'without diminishing on my side. . . . To-morrow Sara and I dine at Mr. Gobwin's, as Hartley calls him, who gave the philosopher such a rap on the shins with a ninepin that Gobwin in huge pain lectured Sara on his boisterousness.' The poet comments that his son is indeed 'somewhat too rough and noisy' but adds that 'the cadaverous silence of Godwin's children is to me quite catacombish.' A few months later, when Hartley is four, his father—with only half-conscious humour—describes a childish remark about the stars as dead lamps in the sky as a 'theologico-

astronomical hypothesis,' and is certain that the boy is 'a very extraordinary creature, and if he lives will, I doubt not, prove a great genius.' He carries the child out in his arms on a moonlit December night, and shares with him his delight in the lake, the vale, and the snow-clad mountains; 'Hartley was in my arms the other evening, looking at the sky; he saw the moon glide into a large cloud. Shortly after, at another part of the cloud, several stars sailed in. Says he, "Pretty creatures! they are going in to see after their mother moon."' And in the same year Coleridge writes to Godwin: 'I look at my doted-on Hartley—he moves—he lives—he finds impulses from within and from without, he is the darling of the sun and breeze. Nature seems to bless him as a thing her own. He looks at the clouds, the mountains, the living beings of the earth, and vaults and jubilates!'

So Coleridge delighted in his son. And little Hartley—what did he feel in the company of his disconcerting, charming, incalculable Papa—this grown-up man who still, as Hazlitt says, 'contrived to prefer the unknown to the known,' the fabulous to the familiar. 'My whole being,' Coleridge had written of his own boyhood, 'was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner, and read, read, read;¹ fixing myself on Robinson Crusoe's island, finding a mountain of plum-cake and eating a room for myself, and then eating it into the shapes of tables and chairs.' A father who remembered the joys of his childhood so vividly would not deny to his children the enjoyment of similar delights. 'Should children be permitted to read romances,' he wrote, 'and relations of giants and magicians and genii? I know all that has been said against it; but I have formed my faith in the affirmative. I know no other way of giving the mind a love of the Great and the Whole. Those who have reached the same truths step by step, through the constant testimony of their senses, seem to me to want a sense which I possess. They contemplate nothing but *parts*, and all *parts* are necessarily little. And the universe to them is but a mass of *little things*.'

¹ One of the stories that he read, *The Astonishing Tale of Tom Hickathrift*, must have been remarkable indeed, for we have Coleridge's testimony that 'among the θαύματα θαυμαστότερα of the present age' he could not recollect 'a more astonishing image than that of "the whole rookery that flew out of the giant's beard, scared by the challenge of the heroic Tom Hickathrift!"' And in paying this tribute to Tom Hickathrift, Coleridge pays an unwitting tribute to the powers of his own imagination, for, strange as it may seem, there is no version of *Tom Hickathrift* in which mention of the giant's rookery is to be found!

So with round, wondering eyes, meeting giants, magicians and genii, little Hartley, at an exceedingly tender age, was introduced to the Great and the Whole. A fresh supply of fairy-stories was sent to his nursery by his father's friend, Charles Lamb, together with a characteristically violent outburst on discovering that *Goody Two-Shoes* was almost out of print. 'Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery. . . . Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a Horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a Horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful Interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. . . . Damn them! I mean the cursed Barbauld Crew, those Blights and Blasts of all that is Human in man and child.'

But we have left little Hartley far behind—a fate that must have overtaken him often enough in those years when, breathless and amazed, but still fascinated and enthralled, he was struggling to keep up with the onrush of his father's eloquent fantasies. There is a portrait of him at the age of ten—showing a round head, round pouting mouth, round enquiring eyes. That wistful, bewildered, slightly anxious little countenance was 'as handsome as a face so original and intellectual can be' in his father's eyes, 'a poet, in spite of the forehead, "villainously low," which his mother smuggled into his face.' And in this opinion Dorothy Wordsworth lends Coleridge some support, for to her the boy seemed to have 'so much thought and feeling in his face that it is scarcely possible to look on him with indifference.'

But to Coleridge—who knew better than anyone the dangers of his own character—his son's increasing resemblance to himself was a source of anxiety, as well as of satisfaction. The 'want of reliability in little things,' the procrastination, the moodiness, which he knew so well in himself, which his wife had so often condemned—he saw them all reflected in Hartley's ingenuous countenance. Taking up his pen, he addressed to his son—who was not yet eleven years old—a letter so characteristic in its mixture of severity and indulgence, of understanding and pomposity, that it is irresistible to quote a large part of it.

'In all human beings,' it begins, 'good and bad qualities are not only found together, side by side, as it were, but they actually

tend to produce each other ; at least they must be considered as twins of a common parent, and the amiable propensities too often sustain and foster their unhandsome sisters.' At this point, we may imagine, poor Hartley must have begun to feel a little anxious ; but a number of flowing, moralizing sentences had yet to be read before the point was reached. ' Nothing that gives you pain dwells long enough upon your mind to do you any good, just as in some diseases the medicines pass so quickly through the stomach and bowels as to be able to exert none of their healing qualities. In like manner, this power which you possess of shoving aside all disagreeable reflections, or losing them in a labyrinth of day-dreams, which saves you from some present pain, has, on the other hand, interwoven with your nature habits of procrastination, which, unless you correct them in time . . . must lead you into lasting unhappiness.'

All this is very painful. And where is it leading ? ' You are now going with me (if God have not ordered it otherwise) into Devonshire to visit your Uncle G. Coleridge. He is a very good man and very kind ; but his notions of right and of propriety are very strict.' How can Hartley avoid offending them ?

' First then, I conjure you never to do anything of any kind when out of sight which you would not do in my presence. What is a frail and faulty father on earth compared with God, your heavenly Father ? But God is always present.' These sentences have a familiar ring, but the next one is more unexpected. ' Specially, never pick at or snatch up anything, eatable or not. I know it is only an idle, foolish trick ; but your Ottery relations would consider you as a little thief. . . . And besides, it is a dirty trick ; and people of weak stomachs would turn sick at a dish which a young *filthpaw* had been fingering.' The ' young filthpaw ' is somehow reassuring ; Hartley must have felt himself back on safe, familiar ground.

In the new paragraph, however, there is a return to the highest moral altitudes ; honesty is recommended, strict adherence to truth, no procrastination (we must remember that the reader is ten years old), no self-delusion. But again a refreshing drop occurs. ' Among the lesser faults I beg you to endeavour to remember not to stand between the half-opened door, either when you are speaking, or spoken to.' And, to wind up, if the child achieves success in all this, what then ? ' You will be,' Coleridge says, ' at peace with yourself, and a double blessing to me, who am, my dear, my

very dear Hartley, most anxiously, your fond father.' A comforting ending, after all—and then there is a postscript: 'I have not spoken about your mad passions and frantic looks, pout-mouthing; because I trust that is all over.'

But alas, with this long letter of advice Hartley's happiest years with his father had also come to an end, for Coleridge—who was then entering upon his last and most serious phase of opium-taking—had come to feel that life with Sara was no longer endurable. His letters expressed his determination to leave her, and she, Dorothy Wordsworth tells us, agreed, on condition of her being allowed to have Hartley and Derwent with her for their holidays. 'I say she has agreed to the separation,' Dorothy adds, 'but he tells us that she breaks out into outrageous passions.' Such scenes must have caused great suffering to a sensitive, observant child, and it must almost have been a relief when, at last, the final separation of his parents did take place, and Hartley and his brother were sent to the school of the Reverend John Dawes, at Ambleside. There, according to their mother, they were instructed in Greek and Latin, and were considered to have 'extraordinary abilities,' while at week-ends and holidays they visited their father at Grasmere.

Coleridge was now in a miserable condition of despondency, and it was only a few months later that his famous quarrel with the Wordsworths took place. He moved to the Morgans' house at Hammersmith, and for many months no news was heard of him. 'It would pity anybody's heart to look at Hartley,' wrote Dorothy, 'when he enquires (as if hopelessly) whether there is any news of his father.' Soon the quarrel could no longer be kept a secret, for Coleridge, on picking up the boys at school to take them to Keswick, passed through Grasmere without stopping there even for a moment. 'Poor Hartley,' wrote Mrs. Coleridge to Poole, 'sat in speechless astonishment as the Chaise passed the turning to the Vicarage where Wordsworth lives, but he dared not hazard one remark and Derwent fixed his eyes full of tears upon his father, who turned his head away to conceal his own emotions.' Soon after, when their father visited the boys at school, Derwent, according to Coleridge's own account, 'came dancing in for joy,' but Hartley 'turned pale and trembled all over;—then after he had taken some cold water, instantly asked me some questions about the connection of the Greek with the Latin, which latter he has just begun to learn.'

But Hartley still remained his father's favourite. 'I read to

Hartley out of the German a series of very masterly arguments concerning the startling gross improbabilities of "Esther" (fourteen improbabilities are stated). It really *surprised* me, the acuteness and steadiness of judgment with which he answered more than half, weakened many, and at last determined that two only were not to be got over.' Later, on comparing Hartley's answers with Eichorn's solutions, 'the coincidences were surprising.'

Now, at the age of fourteen, Hartley had not only Coleridge's turn of mind but also, according to Sara, 'a great deal of his father's manner, so that Dr. Bell . . . was much amused when he first saw him, and said, he was sure he was a Genius by the manner of opening his Mouth.' And now his schoolmaster too began to lament 'his procrastinating ways, and habit of doing *anything* rather than the *right* thing, at the *right* time, too much in this respect like a near relation of his, who sees this likeness, and bitterly laments it.' Deeper and deeper the boy wandered into the 'labyrinth of day-dreams,' in which his father had found 'many a fabled incense-tree'—but which for him was merely a maze without an issue. 'One thing I have warned him against,' wrote poor conventional Mrs. Coleridge, seeing all her husband's most trying oddities repeating themselves in her son, 'that of flying about in the open air, and uttering his poetic fancies aloud; this he constantly does when the fit is on him, whether it rain or shine, whether it be dark or light, and when we are sitting in the Parlour with the curtains drawn, between the whistling of the wind, we hear him whizzing by.' . . .

As the years pass the accounts of him become more and more depressing. With considerable difficulty he was sent to Merton, and there competed for the Newdigate, but—to his mother's annoyance—declared that his victorious rival's poem was far better than his own. 'He has no self-love to mislead him; but alas, poor youth, never was a more excentric creature ever walked the earth.' At the end of his second year a more serious blow fell: he was sent down for drunkenness. For a while he secured a post as a teacher at his own old school at Ambleside, where the young ladies of the neighbourhood nicknamed him the Black Dwarf. According to Dorothy Wordsworth, he was 'exactly like a Portuguese Jew . . . the oddest looking creature you ever saw—not taller than Mr. de Quincey—with a beard as black as a raven.' Some years later Dorothy describes 'Hartley's hopeless state,' saying that he 'goes on as usual—leaves his comfortable home once

in three months, wandering about no one knows where—sleeping in barns.’ His mother too writes of him as ‘always promising’ (Derwent, she adds, is *performing*) and adds, on his twenty-third birthday; ‘I think he is as excentric as his father to the full. May he be happier!’

Her wish, clearly uttered with little hope, was not fulfilled. The poems which her son wrote in later life are pervaded by a note of melancholy regret, of longing for the days of childhood,

‘When every thought is quaintly crisp’d and curl’d,
Like fragrant hyacinth with dew impearl’d.’

He feels himself drifting ‘through puzzling light and perilous dark,’ a purposeless exile, a solitary wanderer.

‘Long time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I.’

His sister, he writes, has become ‘a matron grave and sage’: his brother

‘A pastor meet
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age.’

He alone—conscious of being unable to live up to expectations, of having inherited oddity without genius, of having changed from ‘a faery thing with red round cheeks,’ into the swarthy likeness of ‘a Portuguese Jew’—still roams in solitude over the moors, lost in his ‘labyrinth of day-dreams.’ His father’s prophecy has come true; he wanders

‘like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds.’

His sudden strange appearances in wayside inns or churches become a legend in the Lake-country; his essays and poems (uneven, melancholy, but containing a few lovely lines) earn him a certain mild reputation; but fortune and happiness alike pass him by.

‘Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran;
A rathe December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, tho’ I be old;
Time is my debtor for my years untold.’

Siena

A PHILOSOPHER ON BOARD.

BY E. M. ALMEDINGEN.

I HAD boarded that small Polish boat with a stack of new novels in my luggage. I landed in England and those novels were not as much as glanced at, and all because of that little, wiry man, who carried a dictionary instead of a steward's napkin under his arm.

He was undersized and thin, his hair suggested dust with the pale Northern sun falling on it, his skin must have successfully resisted the repeated onslaughts of tropical suns and remained pale. His small grey eyes had such a quality of imperturbability in them that I wondered if an earthquake would have made much difference to their expression. For the rest, he was a good steward. No fault could have been found with him, and I was successful in plumbing below the surface of non-committal remarks and quietly performed service only because I happened to be the sole passenger on board. The captain honoured me with his presence at dinner. The other meals I took in solitude, the steward's company excepted. Something he said in reply to a casual remark of mine opened a conversational floodgate with an almost astonishing ease.

Some obscure place in Lithuania gave him birth, so he said, but Lithuania could not really have bred him, since his was a type which naturally and happily accepts the whole world for his home and lives accordingly. To follow his own story, the dense pine woods of his native land had early made him feel a prisoner, so he decided to escape from them, and did so—at the age of ten or thereabouts. There followed a rather confused narrative of a journey made partly on foot and partly in horse-carts of friendly peasants going south-west. He had earlier heard the name of Hamburg, and he meant to get there no matter what it cost him. He did get there by ways and means which suggested a pattern familiar to mediæval adventurers. 'Why Hamburg?' I broke in at this stage, thinking that either Riga or Reval might have answered his purpose equally well, but he shook his head.

Hamburg must have occupied some secret corner in his boyhood's earliest dreams. 'Sea, big ships, many ships at Hamburg,' I heard him stumble over the words and wondered if there could

be a streak of true Norse blood in him, its record lost in the winding avenue of his peasant ancestry, bred in the forests of Lithuania. He said he had early wanted to get to sea because 'it say so much. Trees speak, Madam, but I had no ears for trees. They disturb, they make, what say you—havoc, but the sea, it make great peace.'

His English was rather bewildering, but the numberless gaps in his vocabulary were more than explained by the wealth of his gestures and the occasional fierceness in his grey eyes.

'The sea make great peace'—but it appeared that Hamburg had not given a shred of that peace to a curious and eager youngster with no roots of his own in the great feverish port and nothing to recommend him except a crudely articulate yearning to get to sea. It was six long years before his feet were allowed to tread a deck. Six wildly chequered years these must have been, crammed with just as widely varied occupations. These he enumerated to me, 'many I remember, many I forget.'

There were months, spent in a back room of a pork-butcher's shop, where he found himself initiated into the unsavoury mysteries of sausage-making. There were many months, lived in the soapy atmosphere of a scullery of a decidedly questionable eating-house. 'No washing, Madam. Cold water, little water, then dirty towel, then dish clean. I, little boy, Madam, they say dish clean, I think it dirty and I say it dirty. So they swear and kick. I cry every night.' Life, spent among suds and dishcloths, came to an end, probably, because of his repeated protests against the accepted standards of cleanliness. Then came a vague period of just minding people's dogs, horses, parcels, learning German and Swedish, running occasional errands for the sake of direly needed coppers, and a somewhat longer stage of washing bottles in a big brewery where his wages were such that cheese on his bread was a great and rare luxury, and where his coat—or what there was of it—was nothing more than 'patch front, patch back, all patch.'

All the same, that incredibly grey pattern had its own thread of gold. There were his free hours which he translated into terms of eagerly repeated excursions to the ever-enchanted world of the docks, where one indifferent skipper after another measured his tiny, underfed body with one scathingly contemptuous glance and then sent him away with no other comfort than a sneer—'You—on board this boat? What for? This blank ship is no blank nursery. Run home to your mother, lad, and tell her to put another patch on your clothes. The first gale would blow you to pieces.'

He heard them and he went his way. He had no home; the apology of that damp and rat-ridden attic in a backwater of Hamburg could never have been a home to him. He could not even remember his mother. He was a queer little alien in the big city, but each time he left the docks, his courage must have burned as high as ever. 'The sea, it make great peace. It make clean'; his soul must have been immeasurably bigger than his body, and his soul must have been on fire with his only ambition. He meant to see it carried out, and the sneers and oaths of numberless skippers were but so much oil poured on the flames of his secret desire.

He had it at last and said good-bye to the wearying task of washing bottles for an employer who thought that beer was the crowning glory of creation.

A none-too-sober Danish skipper must have got tired of his importunity and given him what looked a doubtful chance. He found himself engaged on lesser wages than were his at the brewery; 'man of all work,' he told me proudly enough.

He was then a puny stripling of fifteen. The work, as such, carried few thrills. The boat must have been dirty, 'filthy above words, Madam'; he raised his hands in a telling gesture. She had a cargo of salt fish and oil and was manned by a crew by comparison with whom the roughest rough in a Hamburg backwater might have suggested an angel from heaven. It did not matter to the boy from Lithuania. His small grey eyes went almost starry for a second. For the first time he lived in a world with his beloved sea all around him. The boat went to Danzig, then on to Riga and Helsingfors, and he learned something about the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland with their uncertainly coloured moods and the bitter vengeance of their winds, but it was the sea he had loved so inarticulately, and, as I listened to the somewhat confused narrative, it seemed to me as though, in between the coarse oaths of the crew, he had begun learning to pick out details of sunnier, warmer lands, of seas, shot through and through with colour so rich and so incredible that it made you 'fish-dumb,' of delicate white temples in wildly remote lands, of the cruel play of the sharks and the unspeakable glory of tropical sunsets. Scrubbing, cleaning, washing and scrubbing again, the lad from Lithuania seems to have nursed dreams about a tropical sunset and a storm in the Pacific.

The boat stayed about a week in Helsingfors, but he took no notice of his leave ashore and stubbornly remained on board. 'The

others, they laugh, they tell I a fool. I no fool. Land teach me little, sea teach much. Yes, even sea in harbour.'

On the return voyage they stopped at Hamburg, and a fit of panic came on him. Convinced that he would be sent away, he hid himself in the hold. To him Hamburg had served its purpose, and he had no wish to tramp again its cobbled streets. The boat left for Rotterdam, and he was still on board. But at Rotterdam the Dane paid him his wages and told him to be off. He had worked hard but not quite hard enough. 'Were you broken-hearted?' I asked curiously, and he shrugged his thin shoulders. 'Sea, I see it, I happy there. Sea, it never allow you, what say you—not let you down. Never.'

And the sea accepted her lover's allegiance at the end. By something like a miracle he heard of a vacancy on board a small German merchantman bound for the Far East. He rushed in with his eager application which was at once and most scornfully rejected. He had no references, and his slender experience in the Baltic was rudely disbelieved. Did he stay on at Rotterdam? Of course not. 'I stow-away one night, one day. In hold. Much water, little food. But no boy taken. Second day I come up, skipper very angry, but I say no boy, I here, I work hard, one bird in the hand better than two in the tree. Skipper, he laugh like mad, he take me. Little money, much work. I work all day and most night. Much wind and storm in the Biscay. I never sick, I always work. Skipper, he like me, he friendly. I very happy. Sea, it like me much.'

This time he had his references when he left the German, I think, in Ceylon. He was now looking for a better chance and decided not to go farther East on the same wages. 'I no think of money, but the German, he work me very hard. He friendly, but no nice man. I quiet. But I leave.' He got his second chance on board a Dutchman and nearly lost his life in the Chinese seas. His thin face puckered up into a grimace at the memory. It must have been an episode which taxed his love for the sea to the utmost.

'Skipper, he always drunk, always a bottle on bridge. He say no wind, engines full ahead, pilot, he laugh like foolishness, and wind, he tear clothes away your back. I much afraid then. Skipper, he do nothing and pilot, he do less. Men, some drunken, some lazy, no work. I afraid. And then nothing. Peace. I say there is peace in sea. No wind, no peace. Much wind, much

peace but after. You fear, you wait, you wait long, but peace, it come always.'

He had seen the East and then signed on for the return voyage to Europe. He seemed always to have stewarded small, unimportant boats, half-passenger, half-cargo. Cautiously enough, I asked him whether he had no other ambitions. How old was he? Forty-one? Why, of course, he could go on forging ahead and making his way. He was a good steward, wasn't he? There were, surely, bigger chances to be snatched, stewardship on board big liners was a profitable business. I went on talking on these lines and he heard me out patiently. Then he put down his precious Anglo-Polish dictionary and took away the remains of the dessert. The coffee served, he answered me with great precision:

Oh yes, he knew he could get a better job if he wanted to. But he was not sure if he did. From his boyhood he had never wanted mere money out of life, but just life itself. There was a difference, so he thought. When he was a lad, he had wanted to get to know the whole world, to prove that it was a good place to live in. His life in Hamburg had been hard and also 'all on one side, other side closed. I wanted all sides, all people, countries, world.' And now he knew that, whatever other people might think or say, the world was a good place to be born into. 'You know this, you say no thing. You have no word in no language, you know, it is enough.'

He had sailed across the world and round it more times than he could remember. As he talked about it, I felt that some time or other he must have seen sunsets which made him glad that he was alive and storms which must have made him remember prayers once learnt in the heart of his native forests and forgotten long since. He had seen the Taj Mahal and afterwards spent an hour in his little cubby-hole. 'All tears, so much beauty, no words for it, only heart to feel, eyes to see.' And he had met many people, some good, others bad, but all, as he thought, were alive. He added shrewdly:

'Much money, much drink and food, and no peace in life. Little money, much work, much thought, and peace. You can place your hands on it. Only this is a figure what say you? Peace not touched with hands. Peace like a cloud above and within. Much thinking—peace always come. In life this is best, how say you—than more money. I buy a green parrot in Algiers. Pretty, good, clever parrot. I buy him with money. He much pleasure

to me. But he sick and die, money, it lost. No money for peace. It come, it never die, it stay.'

His words suggested a mind stocked with much more than mere visual impressions he may have gathered on his many voyages. Had he read books? Oh no, he shook his head, he had no time for reading. He used his six dictionaries, but he had not read much else. When he had a bit of leisure, he liked to spend it in thinking, mostly of peace, it appeared, and, sometimes, when ashore, he liked to go to a concert, which, to him, must have been the same thing as his own inarticulate thoughts about peace.

At last, I ventured greatly and asked him:

'Is the sea all you had once thought it would be?'

He paused before answering, and I began wondering if any words in any earthly language would be enough for him to reply to my question. Depths of something more than gratitude lay in his grey eyes, and, involuntarily, I thought of a lover being asked a sorrowfully futile question about his beloved.

But the little man's voice rang very quietly as if he and I were talking about ordinary things. He might have been asking me whether I wanted my eggs poached or scrambled for next morning's breakfast for all the excitement in his voice. Yet, as I heard him, I understood much more than his coloured and detailed narrative had told me. As I listened to that unemotional voice, I understood what had once made him, an unproven ignorant boy of ten, turn his back on his native hamlet and look for adventure in a big seaport. Had his mother been alive at that time, he would have gone just the same. For to him the sea was more than his tongue could utter, and, in that brief moment, at least, his face reflected something one could not easily forget. Richard of Hampole might have looked like that after he had glimpsed the first turret of the heavenly City in one of his visions.

'Sea—more?' the little man from Lithuania said very slowly, as though each word was a hard effort and he wondered if he could ever really master it, 'Sea much more. When you live sea-life you know you stand before great mirror. Ugly thing is more ugly in mirror. You try and make life not so ugly. When you live sea-life, you very, very small, and God big then and life clean.'

‘BLACK TOM.’

BY OLIVER WARNER.

I.

‘VALOUR and sufferance’ are, according to the first Duke of Albemarle, the better parts of a soldier. If honour be added, the qualities are those of Thomas Fairfax, the Parliamentary General in the English Civil Wars. Posterity, in its leisurely scrutiny, acquits him of all evil; and if it has added nothing to his stature, that was high before. In him were blended the virtues of the old order he helped to overthrow, and the new forces of democracy which he led to victory. He moved so far as he felt his conscience called him, and no further. His chivalry was above reproach; he knew neither ambition nor jealousy, and, as a soldier, his name is secure.

With all this, he was overshadowed, first by Cromwell, then by Albemarle,¹ a fate which concerned him little in life, and will scarcely have troubled his eternal rest. He made but small clamour in the history of his time, though his actions spoke bravely; and as he has had but one detailed biographer, a survey of his life will not tell a story already too familiar.

II.

Of an ancient Yorkshire race, with wide estates, Thomas Fairfax inherited through his grandfather, the first Lord Fairfax of Cameron, a tradition of administrative service, of soldiering, and a love of horses. Scholarship, together with a veneration for antiquity, was equally characteristic of his family, and made him the instrument of preserving two national treasures from the violation of war—the glass at York Minster, during and after the siege of the City, and the Bodleian, when Oxford was taken by Parliament. For these two deeds alone he would deserve the gratitude of every Englishman.

After matriculating at St. John’s College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen, Fairfax was sent when still in his teens to serve in the Low Countries, which throughout the first half of the seventeenth century was an acknowledged school of war. He was engaged at the siege of Bois-le-Duc in 1629, bore himself well in

¹ See ‘Little General Monck,’ in CORNHILL, January, 1936.

such action as came his way, but contracted a serious fever—the first of a succession of illnesses which were to plague him all through his English campaigns, and to continue throughout his life.

His Netherlands service brought him the friendship of the knightly family of Vere, by the side of whom his grandfather had fought. He fell in love with Anne, daughter of Lord Vere, hero of Nieuport and Sluys, and the marriage which ultimately followed was the happiest imaginable. Lady Fairfax accompanied nearly all her husband's campaigns, 'not for any zeal or delight in the war, but through a willing and patient suffering of this undesirable condition.' True to her upbringing, she was the fit wife for a great soldier. A large canvas in the National Portrait Gallery shows the pair when young. Fairfax leans tenderly over his wife, whose face and bearing are captivating. Fairfax himself was dark, and so pronounced was his colouring (particularly when, in his maturity, he grew an imperial beard), that 'Black Tom' was the name his adoring soldiers bestowed upon him; one which, originating in affection, quickly grew to inspire terror in his enemies—terror not of excesses, but of his courage and soldierly efficiency: and the scars which he bore on his face after the wounds of his Yorkshire campaign were famed on many subsequent battlefields.

Of one tradition there was no trace in the Fairfax family—rebellion against the crown. The first lord had served Queen Elizabeth as a diplomatist, and a loyal history stretched much further into the past. Thomas Fairfax and his father Ferdinando bore arms against their sovereign with distaste at the outset, and always with reluctance. 'Black Tom' had, indeed, been given a command by Charles in the first Scottish campaign, and had been knighted in 1640. He had experienced panic in the rout of the English forces by the Scots at Newburn Ford, and had seen the hopelessness of fighting in a cause for which there was no heart.

Charles's subsequent discourtesy to him possibly did as much as anything to decide his future allegiance. Many gentlemen of Yorkshire had asked him to present a petition to the King at a review on Heyworth Moor, protesting against the expense of keeping so many men under arms. Charles practically rode him down; and when, a little later, each man had to decide his own part in the approaching struggle, the Fairfax family sided entire with Parliament. Thomas's own view was simply and clearly expressed: 'I must needs say my judgment was for the Parliament, as the King and Kingdom's great and safest council.' It was one from

which he never wavered. The agony of the decisions of the times was nobly expressed in the well-known letter of Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general, to his close friend Sir Ralph Hopton, the Royalist. 'We are both on the stage, and we must act the parts that are assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in the way of honour, and without personal animosities.' In such a spirit were fought the earlier battles of King and Parliament.

III.

The influence of the Fairfaxes naturally lay in Yorkshire at the opening of the Civil War. Ferdinando Fairfax was not a great soldier; he bears no comparison with his son, but in the early stages of the campaign the two performed good service by keeping Newcastle's large Royalist force engaged in the north. Both were defeated severely at Adwalton Moor; both were concerned in the fierce captures and recaptures of the woollen towns; both served with valour at the great Parliamentary victory of Marston Moor, where Ferdinando commanded the infantry. Then their ways separated. Ferdinando will be remembered for his successful defence of the vital port of Hull during the critical years 1643-4, but in the year following he resigned his active command to Thomas, retired to York, which after Marston Moor was in Parliament's hands, and disappeared from history.

After the North had been secured, except for a few garrisons, Thomas Fairfax was offered the supreme command of the army of Parliament, with the title of Lord General. Marston Moor, where he had commanded an important detachment, and where he had been seriously wounded in the face, had confirmed his military reputation. He accepted his new responsibility, though with reluctance, for he was never self-seeking. Charles described him as 'the rebels' new brutish general,' but inaccuracy of comment could hardly go further. Fairfax was a model of courtesy. His opponents trusted his word, and were never betrayed. When Lady Fairfax was captured in Yorkshire by the Royalist forces she was restored to her husband in Newcastle's own coach, with an escort of cavalry. When Fairfax was granted the revenues of the Isle of Man from Lady Derby, on that lady's own confession she never had a better steward. As a leader he had shown great personal bravery and tactical skill; in battle he became transported with energy and fire. But the reason for his elevation in 1645 to the commandership-in-chief must be found rather in the fact that

he was without personal enmities, that he was greatly popular with the rank and file, that he was efficient, and that in a period of turmoil and jealousy he was universally trusted.

His first task was to remodel the Army, and in this he had the aid of Cromwell and Skippon. He performed it with supreme success. At the victory of Naseby the New Model proved itself once for all. Fairfax's own part was as usual distinguished. He captured a royal standard with his own hand, and if the genius of the day was in Cromwell and his Ironsides, Fairfax earned sufficient glory, which was heightened by his brilliant campaign in the west against Goring, and by the capture of Bristol and Oxford. The war was then over; but as Sir Jacob Astley, the old Royalist commander, had hinted after his capture, the difficulties of Parliament had in truth merely begun.

Fairfax was no politician. Splendid as a leader of men, he had little interest in and less taste for the negotiations and intrigue which followed the capture of Oxford and the King. His immediate problem was to appease the Army, which was seething with discontent, its pay in arrears, at loggerheads with Westminster, full of religious fanaticism, and on the verge of open mutiny. To his fallen Sovereign he was studiously courteous, and Charles himself acknowledged this. Appointed one of the King's judges in 1648, the whole of the proceedings of the Trial violated every principle which he held dear, and he took no part in the farce of Westminster Hall.

When his name was called to appear, Lady Fairfax, who was in a gallery, rose and addressed the Court in a loud voice, declaring that her husband would never sit in judgment on his King, and that the Court did wrong to name him as a commissioner. She interrupted the proceedings a second time, when Bradshaw required the King's answer to the charge exhibited by the Commons and the good people of England, crying out: 'It is a lie—not half the people. Where are they and their consents?' An officer entreated her to be silent, and she left the court.

There is small reason to doubt the truth of this incident. Actually, Fairfax at the time was unwell; he was subsequently kept in ignorance of the King's fate, and soon after the actual execution had taken place, asked how his Majesty went! He had done all that lay in his power to prevent the act, and, when told the truth, could scarcely believe it. Nor did he hold even his nominal position much longer. Cromwell, seeing the necessity for invading Scotland as a measure of practical defence against a

new and covenanted King, and revering Fairfax's qualities as a leader, pressed him for many hours, on one critical night, to accept the command in the north. The general was obdurate. He would not, under any circumstances, consent to invade Scotland, resigned his position under Parliament, and with much relief retired to his Yorkshire estates, leaving the way open for the triumph of Cromwell, Lambert and Monck—the subjugation of Scotland after the victory of Dunbar.

Fairfax's career as a soldier was almost over. It was without a stain, for in his taking of Colchester, at the Royalist rising the year before Charles's death, although he had been responsible for the execution of the gallant officers Lisle and Lucas, these men had broken their parole, and a swift example was necessary for the peace of the country. He and Cromwell were equally severe with their own men in their reduction of the mutinous Levellers. Fairfax, then as always, was resolute and masterly in action. His suppression of the revolt of 1648, both in Kent and Essex, was in every way an example of a serious crisis boldly met. At the end of his military service, his very name was worth a regiment.

IV.

Fairfax's retirement before the campaign of Dunbar gave something to English literature. He had inspired Milton to a sonnet; he was now to give employment to Andrew Marvell, as tutor to his daughter Mary. Marvell found both patron and service congenial, and much of his loveliest poetry was written at, or inspired by the life at, Nunappleton House. Fairfax, besides his interest in Yorkshire antiquities, himself wrote verses, some of which have been preserved, a metrical version of the Psalms, and much translation, as well as an account of his conduct in the Yorkshire campaigns. The rest of his life, but for one important incident, followed the natural course, which only a civil war could have broken. Out of sympathy with the Protectorship, refused the one favour he asked of Cromwell (a clemency for his son-in-law the Duke of Buckingham), he remained in obscurity until 1659, the year following Cromwell's death, when he was elected a member for Yorkshire in the brief Parliament of the Second Protector.

In the turmoil of the interregnum, Fairfax once more played a leading part. He was convinced that a free Parliament, and the ultimate return of the exiled King, was the only solution of future government. Lambert, having crushed Booth's Royalist rising in

Cheshire, was at the time the dominant personality in England; and in the winter of 1659, he was marching north to oppose Monck, then commander in Scotland, and afterwards Duke of Albemarle, who lay in Coldstream with a small force, waiting events. Lambert was suspected of wishing himself Protector, and Fairfax planned to send a message to Monck by a kinsman, with a promise to raise Yorkshire for a free election. The young man made the hazardous journey with success. Monck replied that he would watch Lambert as a cat watches a mouse. Fairfax thereupon took steps to enlist men, and at the very sound of his name, Lambert's rear-guard transferred their allegiance to him. Monck advanced to York, to which town Fairfax, crippled with gout, was borne in his coach, Lambert disappeared, and the old Parliamentary leader and the former Royalist feasted and conferred. They can seldom have met since the battle of Nantwich fifteen years before, when Monck's Irish regiment in Charles's service had deserted him, and he had been captured by Fairfax.

After the meeting, Monck proceeded to London, assured that his rear was in safety, and began the long process of negotiations which ended in the return of the Stuarts. As a servant of Parliament, had Fairfax actually appeared in arms for the King, Monck's duty might have been to oppose him; as his cry was nominally for a free election, he could use him as an ally.

Fairfax's last public service was to head the commission to the Hague to ask Charles the Second to return. He was courteously received, and was given a formal pardon under the Royal seal for his services against the Stuart house. Then once more, his duty done, he retired to Nunappleton, to his books, his tenants and his horses. He could ride little himself in his last years, but he bred and owned some of the finest horses in England: and not the least of the ironies of the Restoration was that the charger which he presented to the new King, and which Charles rode at his coronation, was by Bridladon, out of a famous chestnut mare which Fairfax rode at Naseby.

Inevitably, the remaining years were sad. Lady Fairfax died in 1665, and he saw many of his former colleagues suffer from the excesses of the restored Parliament. He sat most of the day in a large mobile wooden chair of curious design, which he propelled about his magnificent gardens, for he came in the end to be completely crippled with gout. He died in 1671, and lies buried at Bilbrough Church, in his native county.

The most fitting epitaph upon Fairfax is from a strange source, an elegy by his wild son-in-law, Buckingham :

'He never knew what envy was, or hate ;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
And with another thing beside, quite out of date,
Call'd modesty.'

V.

Fairfax's own character was in every respect simpler than the problems and situations with which he was concerned. His nobility is without question. He was prepared to hazard everything for a cause which, at the outset, was by no means sympathetic to his own class. It was only necessary for him to make up his mind for him to adhere to his decision inflexibly. With the finer problems of government, as of religion, he was little concerned. In so far as his beliefs could be made to fit an ecclesiastical policy, he was a presbyterian ; but in an age of fanaticism, he was on the side of toleration. He was even prepared to stomach Bishops if they, in their turn, would govern the Church with reason. As a soldier, he was not in the highest class. He bears no comparison with Cromwell ; his talents were rather those of Monck, who had shared his education in the Netherlands. They were chiefly tactical. He had an eye for country, an ability to learn from experience, and an inspiring courage.

In the council chamber he spoke little, and for a very good reason ; like Charles the First, he stammered. His impediment was such that he had to have a spokesman at the Hague in 1660 ; in action, it disappeared completely. This fact is an important one ; and if it be added that he was by nature not merely lethargic, but without the spur of ambition, it may clearly be seen how much of a figurehead he must needs have become in the stormy councils immediately preceding the Commonwealth.

Yet even as a figurehead, his importance is considerable. One of the few Parliamentary leaders whose integrity was above question, his ability was sufficient to inspire the army when most it needed it, and to keep its hotheads at least tolerably quiet during several critical periods. He lacked the strength, though not the will, to save the King's life, but he atoned for this at least in some measure by his important, if unspectacular, part in the Restoration. Long before his death, the famous old general had become a legend, doughty and revered. History has been as gentle to him as was his own nature.

OLD MARTHA.

BY MARGARET MELLER.

It was the lad's love my husband brought home to me one day last summer that made me think of old Martha, who had been dead for many years, and whom I knew as a child.

I had forgotten, too, about the lad's love with its grey-green leaves and musk-like scent. It used to be grown in all the village gardens, and a nosegay was not complete without 'a bit o' lad's love' to make it smell sweet.

It grew in Martha's garden, too, along with the sweet-williams and pinks, near the sweet-briar bush and the little white roses, which were called 'Seven Sisters,' because they clustered seven on a stem.

Martha was a hardy and shrewd countrywoman. Her brown, lined old face was lighted up with dark piercing eyes which looked searchingly into one's own, as if they would probe the inmost thoughts and secrets that might lie hidden away in some distant corner of the soul.

She loved the fields, and knew every plant and its use. She would set out, wearing a big sunhat, and grasping a long ash stick, on which she leaned as she walked, while on her arm was a basket to hold the roots that her sharp eyes would discern in the remote spots of the woods and fields.

It was bad luck, however, if a robin crossed her path, for then, on that day at least, she certainly would not expect to find the particular herb for which she was seeking.

She was very superstitious. I have heard my mother tell that one day when Martha was in our house, a sudden long and loud noise came from a cupboard that was built in the thickness of the old wall. Something seemed to be shattering it to pieces. Martha crouched down to the ground, covering her face in fear.

Investigations showed nothing out of place, and the cupboard was undamaged.

Martha went home with melancholy shakings of the head, and full of troubled forebodings.

Her husband died soon after.—Nothing would shake her from

the belief that this had been a 'token' or 'omen' foretelling her husband's death, and not, as might reasonably be supposed, a fall of old plaster that had got dislodged in the inside of the wall.

I remember a vivid story that Martha used to relate. She was a young woman at the time, and one night, lighted by a big harvest moon, she and a friend had taken supper to their husbands, who were working late to get in the harvest.

Passing through a field on their way home, they heard a rattling of chains. Then a form, with cloven feet, and eyes as big as saucers, stood out in the moonlight.

It was the devil.

They both took to their heels, and, scarcely pausing for breath, ran until they were under the friendly shelter of home.

Martha always finished up the story with, 'And Jane (her friend) was in bed for a week afterwards.'

She would never have listened to the suggestion that the devil was, in all probability, a quiet old cart-horse waiting for the harvest wagon.

Martha's mother, who was long since dead and forgotten, had believed in witches. Martha could remember her, busy one day with some sewing, when an old woman, supposed to be a witch, looked in at the open window. Her mother immediately crossed the scissors, thereby preventing an evil spell being cast on the home.

Another witch story told how two horses were dragging a wagon up a hill, when suddenly the horses stood still and refused to go on, despite the wagoner's whip. An old woman who stood watching called out, 'Whip the wheels, master, not the horses. Whip the wheels; that is where the witch is.' The wagoner whipped the wheels, and the horses went on.

Martha's attendances at church were rare; nevertheless, she looked upon a certain seat at the end of a pew behind the font as indisputably her own.

The latch of the old church door lifted and dropped noisily as the worshippers entered. Everyone wore a self-conscious air, and seemed anxious to get to his seat. I remember one little woman, her face shining with soap and her hair pulled tightly back into a knob bristling with hairpins, who would nearly run to take refuge in her pew.

Martha would walk in carrying a large old-fashioned prayer-book on which she had placed a flower and a Sunday pocket handkerchief edged with pillow lace, both kept in place by her thumb.

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Martha would walk in carrying a large old-fashioned prayer-book on which she had placed a flower and a Sunday pocket handkerchief edged with pillow lace, both kept in place by her thumb.

With a solemn and rather gloomy expression she would advance unswervingly in the direction of her seat. If, during one of her long absences from church, a neighbour had imprudently appropriated it, Martha would stand in the aisle and wait grimly, until the intruder had to discard the attitude of being unaware of what was expected of her, and elbow down the other occupants of the pew until Martha was in entire possession of her corner seat.

Martha attended funerals with the same expression she kept for church-going. I am afraid that her presence was not always wholly due to respect for the departed, as I remember hearing that on one occasion she took a hammer in her pocket to break up a certain piece of furniture if it had not been left to her. Fortunately the hammer was not needed.

Her end came suddenly. She had a stroke and never regained consciousness. The moon was full and high in the sky when her daughter came to my mother for some white stockings to prepare old Martha for burial.

I wonder whether she had had a token warning her that her time had come. She always insisted that the daughter who ran away from home years ago, and became a wandering pedlar, was still alive, because there had been no token of her death.

A hard childhood and a hard life had been Martha's. I think that it was her upbringing that had made her suspicious and always a little inscrutable, though she was very faithful to those whom she trusted.

She had definite ideas of right and wrong, and she never missed 'Church' on Ash-Wednesday, when, with set face, she would respond with a stern 'Amen' to the execration called down on 'The man who moved his neighbour's landmark,' and on all the other evil-doers specially marked out in the Commination Service.

Whatever her religion—and it was difficult sometimes to disentangle it from the superstitions and prejudices with which it was wrapped around—she nevertheless uttered a great truth in the averment that invariably followed after she had told the story of any act of injustice or wrong-doing in the village.

'Ah well,' she would say, 'God A'Mighty's above the devil.'

A CALL OF THE WEST.

BY W. A. DONALDSON.

MRS. LO LUM remained sitting on one of the plain wooden chairs, in the little Limehouse Mission Hall, while the few Chinese Christians, who had been present at the evening service just concluded, quietly left the building.

Now that she was alone, she knelt and remained kneeling for some time. Her petition was brief. But, as it was from the depths of her heart, she knew that it would be answered.

Mrs. Lo Lum was and had been for a long time deeply religious. Often she had told her Chinese husband that God, who heard one's prayers, never failed to answer them when they came from the heart. Nor did it matter, she had added simply, even though the request concerned some happening at the farthest point of all the wide world: God heard and answered.

That was why, when on her knees, Mrs. Lo Lum had murmured fervently: 'Almighty God, cause him, cause Lo Lum, my husband, to come back to me: let it be to him as "A call of the West."'

And Lo Lum, her husband, husband of Ellen Smith, born and bred an East-end girl of Limehouse, London, heard the call: he heard the call when he was standing on the south side of the tiny island of The Shameen, very close to the vast city of Canton in South China.

Every morning for weeks past Lo Lum had been standing practically at that same spot, gazing at the hundreds of house-boats bobbing up and down under the influence of the tide on the Pearl River: gazing at them and at their slavish Hakka population, with increasing feelings of disgust.

This morning he knew what it was that he had heard singing in his heart. Forthwith, unhesitatingly, he turned his thoughts and his steps to the West.

Though the floor on which Mrs. Lo Lum was kneeling was bare, hard and cold, she felt as though she were resting on the softest of down. As she arose from her knees her head knocked against the wooden ledge upon which lay the prayer and hymn books. But

her face still retained its beatific expression. She had been, she believed, in the presence of God.

Quietly she left the Mission Hall, her heart singing rapturously, even while she gazed at the drabness of Limehouse around her. She went to her little home in Pennyfields, there to prepare for the coming of Lo Lum, her husband, whom she knew would be with her five weeks from that date. Her heart told her so.

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Lo Lum was one of the most respected of his class in the Pennyfields district, where he had lived happily for years with his wife : and, in Limehouse, he and his laundry were equally well known. He was industrious, sober, frugal and thrifty, as only Chinese seem to know how to be : but if Lo Lum could be said to be under the influence of any vice, it was the vice of gambling, which vice, in a very mild way, he shared with almost every Oriental. He loved to play fan-tan, mah-jong, glok-glok and other Chinese gambling games.

But Lo Lum looked not upon the Face of Fortune greedily, for to him gambling, essential to his nature, he indulged in as a pastime : not to win a little money and thus lose a lot of friendship.

By sheer hard work he had greatly increased the considerable amount of money given to him by his father when Lo Lum, senior, had left Limehouse and the laundry he had founded to go to his native China, there to worship at his family shrine before he too joined his ancestors.

Lo Lum's father had often expressed himself to the effect that ever since he had left his seafaring life at Wapping and had wandered into the Pennyfields district and settled at Limehouse, he had always loved to live in Limehouse, but never had he thought of dying in it.

He knew that he must obey the 'Call of the East' and, like a true Celestial, return to the Flowery Land.

Accordingly, he had made his arrangements, and, with ceremony befitting so solemn an occasion, he had bidden farewell to his many good friends of Limehouse. With a heavy heart he had turned his eyes to the Orient, to far-away China, 10,000 miles and five weeks' journey away, to a land which he had not seen for fully fifty years. His wife, even more accustomed to Limehouse and its environs than her husband—as she had lived in the place ever since, as a child, she had come to it with her parents—accompanied him. Long, long ago her parents had returned to the Flowery

Land : and she was glad to follow in their footsteps to worship, as they had done, at the family ancestral graves.

All the persuasions—sometimes ardent, more frequently subtle, poured into the attentive ears of their son, Lo Lum, that he should accompany them—had found him, though ever polite and filial, unresponsive to the last.

He would not accompany them to China : he did not feel the 'Call of the East.' How could he, he asked, visualise a country he had never seen : and how could he, he had added, think reverently of ancestral shrines he had never known ? He was a Chinese, no doubt, and could speak Cantonese after a fashion ; but why should he go to a land in which he felt he would be a complete stranger. Limehouse and the rest of the East-end of London had been good to him ever since he had romped in it during childhood ; then, why should he leave it ? Why should he leave a flourishing business, especially as he was still only a middle-aged man ? And, above all, reflected Lo Lum, why should my honourable parents expect me to leave my wife and my home, where happiness has always been for us both ?

He knew, of course, why they had so unscrupulously sought to separate him once and for all from his wife, to whom they could never really be reconciled : for she to them was no Chinese, no Cantonese. She, their son's wife, was not even a London girl of the East-end, for she was to them that worst of all the human species : she was a Eurasian with, as was so often gratuitously said, all the worst qualities of the European and the Asiatic.

But Lo Lum had not worried much about that, for he, a lover of cricket, played the game of life well. He had been a healthy-minded East-end youth and, in spite of his yellow complexion, his dark almond eyes, straight, coarse, black hair and Chinese name, he was well liked by the people of the district. At the Council School he had mixed freely with the other Limehouse lads ; was indeed much smarter than many of them mentally, as had been afterwards proved when his turn came to manage his father's laundry.

Therefore, like most East-end London lads, when it comes to the question of marriage, he had pleased himself. He had long loved the quiet and serious-minded young woman, Ellen Smith, who with her mother, the notorious Eliza, worked in his father's

laundry. Had his Ellen been a Chinese or even an East-end girl, it would no doubt, he sometimes reflected, have been better for all concerned ; but that she was a Eurasian was no fault of hers ; it would not and it did not prevent him from marrying her.

And their marriage had been quite happy, even though they had not been blessed with children ; with no son to carry on the Lo Lum family tradition of worshipping at the tablets of their ancestors, daily to burn the little incense sticks of remembrance.

After his marriage, to please his parents and because he himself was not averse from the practice, Lo Lum had continued to burn the little incense sticks before his family shrine in his own home. And his quiet little Eurasian wife, Ellen, daughter of an East-end drunken harlot and of a wandering Chinese sailorman, exercising the sweet charitableness of a good Christian woman, had raised no sort of objection.

Regularly, every Sunday evening, she set out to attend the service at the Christian Mission Hall for Chinese. For many years she had done so, having come early in her girlhood under the influence of a leading member of the Mission. The service invariably was of short duration, and, it over, she could rely with certainty, on her return to her home in Pennyfields, upon finding her husband, as she had left him, standing near the family tablets and burning the little incense sticks of remembrance for the Lo Lum ancestors.

It was indeed a lamentable fact that Mrs. Lo Lum's mother had been and still was, to a lesser extent, a notorious Limehouse character. Born in Whitechapel, Eliza Smith had, years before, drifted into Limehouse, and there had speedily become known as quite the worst woman in the district. So low had she sunk at one time that she did not seek to hide the fact that she frequently consorted with the greasiest-looking Oriental firemen and other humble workers from the big liners lying in the adjoining docks. Drink had her in a terrible clutch and, to satisfy her craving, she would probably have shrunk at nothing. She was a perfect harridan of a woman.

And one awful day, when the unexpected had happened and she realised that the child that was to be born to her had been fathered ' by that Chink, Ah Kwan,' as she had called him, she had rushed precipitately to the docks, waving in her hand a whisky bottle and searching everywhere for her Chinese paramour, to brain him.

Surrounded by a number of her cronies, women as drunken as herself, she had, later, held aloft a bottle of beer, sprinkled some of the fluid upon the head of her infant, and, in the midst of fiendish, maudlin devilry, had shrieked to all the world that the child would be known thereafter as Ellen Smith—'Ellen Smith,' the drunken Eliza had repeated loudly, leering at the pack of frowsy women in front of her—'my mother's name—my mother, a far, far better woman than any of you have ever been or will ever be.'

Then had come an outburst of tears, a torrent of cursing and reviling of her cronies, followed by Eliza's peremptory order that they should clear out of her sight at once.

The neglect by the mother of her child, whom she frequently referred to as her 'little Chink bastard,' was that unruly woman's unconscious kindness to her little daughter. The more the child was neglected by her disreputable mother, the more was she cared for by Kitty Kadoorie, the elderly spinster daughter of a rag, bone and balloon merchant of the district. The drunken Eliza was only too pleased to have the child off her hands; and so it befell that it was Kitty Kadoorie, a deeply religious woman and a pillar of the local Christian Mission to the Chinese, who had the spiritual training of the little Ellen in the all-important and impressionable years of her girlhood.

When drunken Eliza first learned that her daughter, having mastered the rudiments of a brief education at the local Council School, had become a regular attender at the 'Chinks' Mission Hall,' as she called it, she had felt inclined to exercise her authority by prohibiting further visits. Instead, she had again, in the presence of her cronies, indulged in another of her drunken orgies, during which she had once more held a beer bottle aloft and had shouted: 'Far better the little bastard should go to the Chinks' Mission than drift to Hell like her mother and live with the likes of you.' The wretched woman had then sunk into a chair, sobbing bitterly, to get up and curse her cronies out of her house.

Such was Eliza Smith, mother of Mrs. Lo Lum.

Only once had Eliza seriously attempted to influence her daughter and, strangely enough, she then felt that she had triumphed exceedingly. Her drunken friends having told her that Ellen's next step would be to 'join the Sallies,' the mother had turned upon her daughter in fury, had clutched her roughly by the

shoulders, stared fiercely into her eyes, and had shrieked that she would 'brain her' if she disgraced her mother by joining 'that band of fanatical fools.' Shrieking louder, she had added: 'I'd sooner see you on the road with me, with lousy sailors as your lovers, than in one of them poke bonnets and looking like a plaster saint. Stick to the Mission Hall, my girl, and don't disgrace yourself and me by romping around with a pack of blasphemers.'

And to Ellen's utter astonishment, her terrible mother had then added: 'For it is blasphemy, bloody blasphemy, to shout about God Almighty as they do, with their tambourines and trash.'

Then had followed another of Eliza's spasmodic and vehement outbursts, ending on this occasion by her loudly exclaiming that her daughter was 'a credit and an example to Limehouse, as good a girl as ever lived, in spite of her rotten mother.'

In Ellen's arms the dissipated woman had then sobbed as though her heart would break, her daughter vainly trying to quell the terrible tempest. 'God,' she had murmured gently, 'will, through His gracious son, Jesus Christ, yet bring you to Him.'

And Eliza Smith, startled and staring, had shrieked in answer: 'He will not, you mad little wretch. He will not. As I have lived, so shall I die: the vilest woman in Limehouse. Get out of my sight.'

Strong as had been the opposition from the Lo Lum family to the marriage of their son to a Eurasian, it was as nothing, in fire and fury, to the opposition of Eliza Smith to the marriage of her daughter 'to a Chink.' She would, she shrieked, have nothing to do with 'such a pack of Mongols.' The idea of having 'such a mixture of almond-eyed monstrosities' connected with her was, she declared, 'unthinkable, intolerable, impossible'; and, she had added more naturally, it was 'bloody awful.'

After the wedding ceremony, at which Eliza had indignantly refused to be present, Ellen had seen very little of her mother. Quietly she had acquiesced in her husband's request that she should have as little to do with her as possible.

And so the years had passed on happily and peaceably for Mr. and Mrs. Lo Lum in Limehouse.

And Lo Lum, standing on the tiny island of The Shameen, in far-away China, thought of his unaccountable folly in so suddenly

leaving Limehouse and his gentle, good, little Christian wife, Ellen, to go to see for himself what, to him as a Chinese, was meant by the 'Call of the East.'

He had been greatly worried by the strange and sudden stoppage of letters from his father in Canton; and the anxiety caused by the absence of such news had been considerably increased by a notification, from the London manager of the Hong-Kong Banking Corporation, to the effect that their Canton agent had written that Lo Lum's remittances were no longer being taken up.

Thereupon Lo Lum, with secretiveness, much more of the Orient than of the Occident, had decided to leave for China. With equal secrecy he had arranged with his Chinese foreman at the laundry to be his deputy there, to pay Mrs. Lo Lum a generous amount every week regularly and, most important of all, to say to no one that he, Lo Lum, had followed in the footsteps of his family.

To Mrs. Lo Lum, on her return from the Mission Hall, it had come as a very great shock to discover that her husband was not in their home. Everything about the Lo Lum family tablets was as usual, and even the little incense sticks continued to burn slowly. But Lo Lum himself was not present, as he had invariably been in the past.

Though her heart had been buoyant with the joyous fervour she had been experiencing at the Mission Hall, she now felt gradually creeping over her a cold, dreary feeling that seemed to bode impending danger. She wandered about the lonely house, uncertain as to what she should do next. She felt that Lo Lum must have left a message for her; and it was in her own private little room that she found it.

'ELLEN, MY DEAREST ONE,' so ran the letter, 'Ah Sin, sister of Kai Fong, my foreman, will come to you to-night and will stay with you as your companion and attendant. Grieve not at my departure: you will be well cared for: Kai Fong has my instructions. For you only has my heart ever felt love. I shall think of you: of me you will perhaps try to think kindly. If, where and when, we may meet again, we shall be happy.—LO LUM, Your Husband.'

A slight disturbance at the door caused Mrs. Lo Lum to refrain from giving expression to the poignant sorrow that gripped at her heart. Someone at the door was slowly opening it. Very

quietly this was being done and, in a moment, Ah Sin, sister of Kai Fong, had entered the room. Quite close to Mrs. Lo Lum Ah Sin knelt reverently. She then looked up and passed over the key which was still in her hand. 'This was given to me by my brother, your husband's foreman, so that I might come to you. Though it is the will of the Gods that you should be afflicted, my heart, as a woman and a widow, shares your deep sorrow. Grieve not. See! Here, on this floor, are my upturned palms for you to walk upon. Until you wish me no more, I am your servant.'

Almost inaudibly Mrs. Lo Lum said: 'Ah Sin, kneel no more: come sit with me: help me to mend my broken heart, heavy as lead. But Jesus Christ, my Saviour, will send succour to me. It is He who takes away all sorrow from the heart.'

Even much more clearly than if Lo Lum, her husband, had written it in his letter did Mrs. Lo Lum know that he had gone to join his family in China; had gone to worship at their ancestral tombs near Canton; to discover if for him there could ever be a 'Call of the East.' What she also knew and what she dreaded most was that her husband must have had in mind the possibility of being persuaded to take unto himself a Chinese wife with the hope of there being a son to carry on the family worship to the glory of their ancestors. If so, would he ever return to her? Mrs. Lo Lum's heart at that time was heavy with doubt.

And so days and weeks and a few months passed slowly, slowly, for Mrs. Lo Lum at Limehouse. Ah Sin attended to her zealously, faithfully, affectionately. Silently, both women went about the house, seldom uttering more words than were necessary. Some days Mrs. Lo Lum did not speak at all. Then Ah Sin would kneel before her mistress, take her hands in hers, murmur to her that it was the will of the Gods that women should be so afflicted, and that they and they alone felt the pangs of departure from loved ones.

Before rising from her knees she beseeched her mistress to cleanse from her heart all sorrow regarding Lo Lum. She, a Chinese who also intended in time to go to China, knew that once a true son or daughter of the Flowery Land went back to the East, he or she never returned to the West. For love of Mrs. Lo Lum, and though it nearly broke her heart to say so, she had to whisper what

was the truth: 'Lo Lum will never again return to Limehouse; the "Call of the East" has come to him and he has answered it.' This Ah Sin said and believed.

At Mrs. Lo Lum's tear-stained face the kindly Chinese woman had then ventured to look, expecting there to see the marks of indelible sorrow and resignation. But though the tears were trickling down her mistress's cheeks, her eyes were bright and seemed almost to be smiling. And around the gentle mouth of Mrs. Lo Lum there was a heavenly sweet expression. 'Ah Sin,' she said quietly, 'what God has told me is that my husband, Lo Lum, will come back to me; and to him it will seem like unto a "Call of the West."'

And standing on The Shameen, looking at the Hakka house-boat people, little better than slaves, Lo Lum heard the 'Call of the West' singing in his heart; and, answering it at once and gladly, he turned his thoughts and his steps towards his Ellen and home.

As the big liner slowly nosed her way to the wharf Mrs. Lo Lum glanced up at the large number of passengers eagerly awaiting to disembark. Though she could not identify her husband, she knew that he was there. She believed that God had directed her. Since finding the letter in her private room, none had passed between her husband and herself: and Lo Lum had refrained from sending her a cablegram while *en route*. In spite of the urgency of the call that had brought him back to the West, he was yet uncertain how his little wife, his dear Ellen, would react to his strange conduct in so suddenly going away for a few months. Would she understand, forgive and forget? He did not know; consequently, he had done nothing.

He remained behind while the others crowded off the ship; and the vessel was practically empty of its human cargo when he ventured on deck. Even the wharf looked empty. But at once his eyes were focussed upon a small figure waiting patiently; a neat, small, feminine figure, around whose smiling face the light of love was glowing like a halo of happiness. Swiftly he made his way towards the halo, and gathered the little figure in his arms.

'It was God who told me that you would come by this boat,' she whispered as she walked by his side away from the wharf.

'And how was it,' she asked, 'that you knew I would be awaiting you?'

'Something in my heart told me so to act and to expect you to be here; the "Call of the West," I think it must have been, my dearest.'

Together they continued to walk to the taxi-cab which would take them back to their home in Limehouse. As of old they walked, Oriental fashion, hand in hand.

Suddenly he seemed to realise this and, gently withdrawing his hand, he as gently linked her arm with his. 'They who have heard the "Call of the West,"' said he, 'should walk in the way of the West.'

And she had whispered: 'So shall we until the end, my dear husband, Lo Lum.'

CONSOLATION.

YES, I am almost glad that you are dead,
In spite of all the loneliness and tears,
And lack of love to light advancing years;
For now you know what never could be said,
No longer by my feeble words misled.
Now you have angel's eyes, whose radiance sears
Through lying flesh to see the soul, and peers
So well that even shyest thoughts are read,
And thoughts so delicate that they must die
Long e'er they reach the tongue. No need to lie
Awake now, plotting how to reach you through
This strange, harsh wall of flesh,—no more to rue
The pitiful results. All that is past,
And, dearest, you will understand at last.

JOAN EASTMAN.

PRE-VICTORIAN SCRAPBOOKS.

BY BEATRICE A. LEES.

*We may see how all things are
Seas and cities, near and far
And the flying fairies' looks
In the picture story-books.*

R. L. Stevenson, 'A Child's Garden of Verses.'

IF Lewis Carroll's 'Alice' saw no use in a book 'without pictures or conversations,' how high in Wonderland reckoning must stand the book which is all compact of pictures, and how irresistible to those who have passed through the little door into the child's enchanted garden must be that super-picture-book, the scrapbook, with its topsy-turvy, higgledy-piggledy inconsequence, its rhymes without reason, and its general air of irresponsible good-fellowship!

Who first invented the 'scrapbook,' as distinct from the older 'picture-book,' or illustrated 'album'? To whom did the idea first occur of that gay patchwork of artistic and literary shreds and patches? The word 'scrapbook' is not recorded in the Oxford Dictionary before 1825, but it was about 1813 that the Harry and Lucy of Maria Edgeworth's *Early Lessons* helped their mother 'to paste some prints into a large paper book,' and it is certain that children's scrapbooks were in fashion in the first three decades of the nineteenth century, a time of great zeal for popular education, prolific in the production of all sorts of juvenile literature.

Two such books, flotsam and jetsam from life-tides which have long since ebbed, lie before me as I write. Unearthed from the dusty recesses of an old oak chest, faded and ragged with a hundred years of wear and tear, they still breathe something of the eternal freshness of childhood, the timeless spirit of the nursery world, where small things are great, and great matters shrink into littleness. Both were made in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, and recall an even earlier age.

The older of the two is a small folio, in a cloth cover over which marbled paper has been pasted. Its pages are of that blue sugar paper which was used to cover the cheapest of those tiny children's books of the time which have contributed freely to this pleasant

medley of prints and engravings, plain and coloured, gathered together in fantastic association, as shapes and sizes dictated. The second volume is larger and less homely, more elaborate in production, with a substantial binding, and engravings of some artistic value on its brown paper pages.

These shabby, half-forgotten childish records have more than a merely sentimental interest for the modern generation. They reflect pre-Victorian English everyday life from the special point of view of the children of the prosperous classes, 'Little Master' and 'Little Miss,' the denizens of the sheltered nurseries and schoolrooms of comfortable middle-class English homes, the future 'Victorians' of the new era.

The 'Little Master' who was the first possessor of the two volumes was born in 1827, three years before the death of George IV. The world of his childhood was full of political and social unrest, but the pages of his scrapbooks picture a peaceful enough scene of household and village industries, country sports, and quiet family life. If fleeting glimpses are caught of the darker England of the 'poorer classes,' of the boy-sweep, the cripple, the gipsy and the beggar, their destitution only serves as a foil to the rather condescending charity of their well-to-do 'betters.' The general tone, suggestive of Edgeworthian *Early Lessons* and *Moral Tales*, is redeemed from priggishness by a spirit of playful gaiety. 'Little Master,' in tail-coat, brightly coloured trousers, and high-crowned hat, or in short jacket, frilled collar, and peaked and tasselled cap, vies with his peers in the manly sports of 'skaiting,' leap-frog, whipping top and peg-top, 'shooting with Bow and Arrow,' trap ball, skittles, see-saw, hoop-trundling, or marbles. In gentler mood, when 'Little Miss' is with him, he shows 'Jane' his 'handsome Fairing' of a wooden horse, pushes her swing, plays battledore and shuttlecock with her, flies kites and 'Air Balloons,' blows 'Bladders,' or sails his toy-boat to amuse her, or again, walks demurely, hand in hand with her, across the fields to church, or, clothed in deepest sables, sheds tears with her over 'Sister Maria's Grave! poor little thing!'

Prim and conventional in outward seeming as are these quaint little people, they move in a free, open-air setting of country sights and sounds, the old agricultural England of squires and yeomen, craftsmen and peasants. Into their lives come as intimate figures not only the leisured gentry, the gaitered sportsman, with gun and dog, the huntsman leaping a gate, the 'Noble Skaiter,' doing the

outside edge in top-hat and long-skirted coat, but also the busy workers, men and women; the farmer, returning from market, the blue-smocked wagoner, the shepherd with his crook, the reaper with his sickle, the mower, sharpening his scythe, the woodcutter and the road-mender, with bare-armed milkmaids and butter-churners, washerwomen, and vendors of fruit, eggs and fish, in short quilted petticoats and aprons, white caps, and wide-brimmed straw hats; the small tradesman, too, and the craftsman, the butcher, the farrier, the blacksmith and the cooper. Along the grass-edged roads pass the wayfarers, 'Tom the Tinker,' the hawker, the pedlar with 'Pretty toys for Good Girls and Boys', the 'Traveling Musicians,' with fiddle and tambourine; the newsboy sounds his horn to announce 'Great News,' and the night-watchman, in caped coat, stands on guard, lantern in hand, outside his sentry-box shelter. All the picturesque, unhurried activities of self-supporting village communities, sleepy country towns and seaports are here, and in these communities young and old, rich and poor, are seen as fellow-members of a closely related social group, bound together by similar interests and an ordered co-operation. The children of the farm lack the luxuries and accomplishments of the children of the hall, but they are well dressed and well fed, and their practical training takes attractive forms. 'Little Betsy' draws water from a real 'Pump,' and Peggy blows up the fire from her three-legged stool, while she talks to George 'about the Cows,' or, dressed in pink gown and coquettish straw bonnet, feeds the chickens with George looking on, or rides her mule to market, to sell her dainty basketful of eggs. Though the influence of Morland's idealisation of rural England may be suspected in these pictures, it is at least evident that English children of every rank were in close touch with animals, birds and flowers, and knew something of the lure of the open road. Horses and dogs, in particular, appear as the friends and companions of all sorts and conditions of men and women.

The happy comradeship of man and horse, soon, it is to be feared, to be a thing of the past, was still strong and vital. All classes of society rode, on horse, or mule, or ass, or drove in horse-drawn coaches, post-chaises, 'gentlemen's carriages,' and country carts and wagons. Teams of four or six were common sights. Pickford's red-wheeled 'Fly Van' thundered along the high-road, its four splendid horses urged to their utmost speed by the scarlet-coated, top-hatted coachman, to the accompaniment of the guard's

bugle, blown from the dicky behind. In the scrapbooks, boys and girls alike have their own favourite ponies, and very attractive they look, cantering over grass, or sedately pacing the roadway, 'Little Miss' in a long, high-waisted maroon habit and a plumed hat, 'Little Master' in maroon jacket, tight yellow trousers and low-crowned hat, his hands well down on the neck of his black pony, or, smartly dressed in white waistcoat and purple coat, waving his hat from the back of a long-tailed, high-stepping grey, or waiting to start his morning ride, with groom and dog in attendance; or again, a 'Boy in Danger,' clinging desperately to his chestnut runaway.

The fathers and mothers of these young riders are also constantly in the saddle. In spite of voluminous habits and towering riding hats and bonnets, with veils and feathers floating in the wind, the country ladies of the early nineteenth century are practised horsewomen, and can even, on occasion, 'Chastise' a 'roguish Ostler.' The green-coated squire, 'with game-bag, powder-horn and gun,' sallies forth on his sturdy 'shooting pony,' the farmer jogs slowly home on his cob, his comely wife 'riding double' behind him, the old mill-horse carries the miller's man and his flour-sacks safely over the stream. The very nursery has its rocking-horse, and the village children play at 'Miss in her Coach.' Charming little coloured prints, published in 1824 by William Darton of Holborn Hill, show the white 'Cart Horse' and the 'Dray Horse,' standing patiently at ease in their rustic harness, and the blue pages of the older scrapbook are filled with prints of every type and kind of horse, in fact and fiction: the 'Pack Horse,' the 'Old English Road Horse,' the 'Hunter,' the 'Race Horse,' the 'Arabian Horse,' the 'Charger,' the cart-horses 'Gipsey' and 'Smiler,' and the roadster 'Dobbin.' The feats of 'horsemanship' in the circus, the brave equipment of the 'Dragoon,' the 'cuirassier,' or the 'Light Horse Man,' would excite a child's wonder and admiration, imagination would be quickened by the pictures of the 'Flying Horse,' that 'Winged Horse,' the 'ancient badge and cognizance' of the Inner Temple, and of the Magic Horse of fairy-lore, and laughter would be provoked by the adventures of John Gilpin's 'nimble steed.' But already the enemy was at the gate. A rough woodcut preserves the memory of the primitive 'Velocipede,' or 'Swift Walker,' a two-wheeled machine 'to ride cock-horse upon, sitting astride and pushing it along with the toes.' On the first page of the second scrapbook is pasted an engraving of 'Mr. Gurney's

Steam Carriage as seen running in the Regents Park, Nov^r. 6th 1827.' 'Little Master's' great-grandchildren will drive toy motor-cars where he bestrode a hobby-horse; they will ride bicycles where he rode a pony. They will have a wider outlook and more mechanical skill, but they will have to a great extent lost the living contacts which lent reality to the crudest cuts and prints of horse and mule in the days of George the Fourth.

Hardly less ubiquitous than the horse in the scrapbooks, the dog appears there as a constant and indispensable factor in the life of the English country-side. Foxhounds, setters, pointers, spaniels, greyhounds and lurchers, are used for sport, the spotted 'plum-pudding,' 'coach,' or 'carriage' dog, recently restored to favour, the bull-dog, the mastiff, and the shepherd's dog, the 'Newfoundland Dog,' the 'Greenland Dog,' the 'Large Water Spaniel' and the 'Large Rough Water Dog,' the 'Ban Dog,' the 'Cur Dog,' and the 'Lap Dog,' all play their appointed parts. 'Cato,' basket in mouth, 'goes well to market,' 'Pompey' jumps at his young master's white pigeons, 'Trim' takes a walk by the river with 'Little William.' Dressed-up dogs masquerade as men and women in a set of Lilliputian caricatures, and in the coloured illustrations of 'Mother Hubbard,' of which two editions have been cut up for the oldest scrapbook, her 'poor dog' achieves lasting literary fame in the nursery library.

Other pets are cats, rabbits, pigeons, and cage-birds of various kinds. 'Little Miss' does not, like Catherine Morland in *Northanger Abbey*, despise 'the heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a doormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush.' She saves her parrot and her canary from the importunities of 'Puss,' and 'peeps' at 'Gold Fish' in a glass bowl. 'Ann and Jane' have a 'favourite Lamb,' which, like 'Daisy' in Maria Edgeworth's moving tale of 'Simple Susan,' feeds out of their hands, and follows them about, and 'Henry' owns a 'little Goat,' with splendid twisted horns.

Children who were contemporaries of Thomas Bewick, and who knew their scrapbooks from cover to cover, would have a very fair acquaintance with the names and appearance of most British beasts and birds, and would have formed a more or less accurate idea of the characteristics of the wild animals of foreign countries. This would be corrected by passing visits from a travelling menagerie, or a dancing bear, ridden, perhaps, by an ape, or by such a show as is described in 'Harry and Lucy,' when an elephant was on view

for a week, between the hours of twelve and three, 'to any person who would pay a shilling apiece for seeing it.' A 'View of the Ostrich and Cassowary' might also be obtained, or a 'Peep at the Rhinoceros,' and 'Visits' could be paid to the 'Zebra,' and to the 'Bison, or Wild Ox,' while Londoners could see stuffed wild beasts at the Bullock Museum in Piccadilly, or live ones in the Royal Menagerie in the Strand, but in the main 'little Tarry-at-Home travellers' were dependent for their knowledge of the outside world on such illustrated books as Isaac Taylor's duodecimo volumes of *Scenes from Asia*, or *Scenes from Africa*, with maps and 'finely coloured engravings.' The scrapbooks have coloured prints of 'the Lion Roused' by a Rattlesnake, the Hyæna seized by a Boa Constrictor, the Leopard, the Tiger, the Wild Cat, the Elephant, with his native *mahout*, the Camel, richly caparisoned, led by a negro boy, the Buffalo and the Elk, the 'Sea Horse, or Walrus,' and the 'Ba-boon,' with a series showing Arabs hunting ostriches, Tartars chasing deer, and African natives hunting crocodiles, harpooning a shark, or killing an elephant. Here, too, 'sketched from the life by John Field,' is 'the Giraffe or Cameleopardis Sent as a Present from the Pacha of Egypt to His Majesty the King of England. Landed at the Duchy of Lancaster Wharf, Waterloo Bridge, August 1827.'

The bloodthirstiness of these pictures would hardly shock the sensibility of those born sportsmen, *feras consumere nati*, as Fielding has it, the children of the English rural gentry. The vivid tropical scenery and the exciting incidents would, indeed, bring a thrill of adventure into the unruffled calm of a secluded childhood. Yet for all the savagery of its 'blood-sports,' and the ruthlessness of its Game Laws, the age of Blake and Charles Lamb, of Sydney Smith and William Wilberforce, was not wanting in humanitarian sentiment. Though there are few traces of organised instruction, religious or secular, in the scrapbooks, a vein of simple piety and good-feeling runs through them. 'Little Girls' in white night-caps are seen 'saying Prayers before going to Bed' in a curtained four-poster. Brother and sister sing hymns and read the Bible together. Family affection is expressed in the small services rendered by children to their elders, and in the care of parents for their children. Pity is evoked for the 'Poor Little Sweep,' and for the 'Negro Slave,' toiling in chains. Charles Lamb's lines on Henry Meyer's picture of 'The Catechist,' a 'Christian child' teaching a 'tawny Ethiop' to pray, are printed beneath a good

reproduction of the painting, engraved by the painter himself, in the year 1827. 'Early Charity,' 'Always be kind to the Aged and Blind,' run the headings to prints of 'Little Master' giving alms to needy beggars. 'The Greedy Child,' devouring a large pie and refusing help to a tattered lavender-seller, contrasts with the 'Good-natured Boy,' forsaking bat and ball to fill a small girl's basket with fruit. 'I must never Play till I have learned my Lesson,' says the industrious boy to the idle one, who, his book thrown on the ground, prepares to fly his star-spangled kite. In these prints, effect follows cause with admirable promptitude. Deliberate cruelty to animals entails a sound thrashing. 'Children should Never Play with Knives' is the moral pointed by a stern grandmother, as she deals with a cut finger. If you upset boiling water, you are scalded; if you go too near the river, you fall in; if you steal apples, you are branded as a 'wicked boy,' and there are gruesome man-traps, set for the express purpose of catching thieves. But on the whole virtue is triumphant, and the pain of chastisement is forgotten in the pleasure of forgiveness.

The first half of the nineteenth century was an experimental and constructive period in the history of education, when a spate of informative literature flooded English middle-class society. Home education, by parents, tutors and governesses, was usual in well-to-do families, especially with girls and young children. The scrapbooks suggest that girls were taught to play the harp and the piano, to draw, and to write journals, and that boys, like 'Alfred, the young Artist,' learnt to draw from nature or from casts, or, like 'William,' to play the flute 'prettily.' These books were made, however, it must be remembered, for the amusement and instruction of very small children, and they abound in specimens of many ingenious methods of visualising the elements of knowledge, and making reading easy, as Locke says, by 'cozening' children into 'a Knowledge of the Letters.' The rhyming alphabet still kept its ancient fame. 'The Bouncing B' was the sign of a bookseller in Shoe Lane in the late eighteenth century, and the 'Great A and bouncing B' alphabet could be bought for twopence, 'gilt.' In the early nineteenth century many series of tiny prints were published, designed to teach the alphabet to little children, and in elementary schools. 'Some children,' said the father of Maria Edgeworth's 'delectable Rosamund,' 'particularly some of the poorer classes, are taught their letters in picture books . . . where to each letter of the alphabet, a little *picture*, or properly

speaking, some print, is joined, and the thing represented usually begins with the letter to be taught, as A for *apple*, C for *cat*.' In the older of the two scrapbooks fragments are preserved from some fifteen different series of picture and rhyming alphabets. In some the 'thing represented' is explained by a single word, 'D' for 'Drum,' accompanied by a minute coloured print of the object described, or the subject of the picture may belong to a sequence of proper names, 'A' for 'Alexander'; of nationalities, 'B' for 'Bohemian'; or of animals and birds, 'A' for 'Ass,' 'G' for 'Goldfinch.' An attempt is sometimes made to convey the sound of the letter through a word or a picture. Thus under 'B' appears the word 'Bee,' under 'C' the word 'See,' and under 'I' 'High'! In another series an eye stands for 'I,' and a jay for the letter 'J.' An interesting complete sheet of prints equates the sounds of the letters 'R,' 'S,' and 'X' with 'Arrow,' 'Ass,' and 'Axe,' and the sound of 'Y' with 'Weighing,' and fills up the page after Z with an ampersand, and prints of a blackbird, a parrot, and a man-cook!

Pre-eminent among these alphabet rhymes and jingles is the very old 'A was an Apple Pie.' Here, in gay little hand-coloured prints, rough, but lively, the story of the historic Pie, in its red earthenware dish, is set forth in due order. It is Grinned at and Jigged for by the boys G and J, and Kissed by the girl K; a youthful Xenophon, in pseudo-Greek costume, retreats with it, and, finally, a cherubic Zephyr cools it for eating, rather late in the day, as it has already been Uncovered by U, Investigated by I, and Enjoyed by E. Another alphabet rhyme teaches, with the aid of small bright cuts, printed on coarse paper, that:

*G was a Gunner and always aim'd true,
H stands for Huntsman and oft his horn blew.*

and that:

*O was an Oyster, and bred in the sea,
P was a Parrot that perch'd on a tree.*

Or again, a more elaborate picture alphabet, represented by a solitary survival, obtains emphasis by the use of capital letters:

*An old woman with EGGS and an ELEPHANT see,
Near the ERICA and lofty ELM tree.*

Though as early as 1826 William Darton was issuing a special series of *Children's Copper Plate Pictures*, the scrapbooks draw most of their material from general and miscellaneous sources. The older volume, in particular, owes much to a somewhat reckless destruction of children's books, many of them dating from the time of George the Third, but greatly as this destruction is to be regretted, it at least implies the popularity of the books which were destroyed, for only imperfect copies, which had been more or less read to pieces, would be relegated to the scrap-heap. This inference is borne out by the fairly frequent occurrence of duplicate prints, or of pictures from different editions of that prime favourite, *Mother Hubbard*. Among these 'scraps' are coloured prints from Mary Belson's *My Sister*, and from *The PARROT and the SCOLD*, and *The MONKEY who had seen the WORLD*, small wood-engravings showing the adventures of 'John Gilpin,' various series of 'Cries of London,' and scenes from the stories of *Sir Richard Whittington and his Cat*, *Puss in Boots*, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, and the fairy horse that possessed 'the rare quality of eating only once a-week; and the still rarer, of knowing the past, the present and the future.' The Lilliputian volumes from which these illustrations have been cut were issued in great numbers by the enterprising publishers and booksellers of the later eighteenth and earlier nineteenth centuries. Such were the seven 'little books' which were bought for Emily Barton, of Mrs. Leicester's School, at 'the Juvenile Library in Skinner Street,' the 'two little books' of *Dialogues on the Microscope*, which Rosamund's mother bestowed on her as 'a mark of approbation,' and the 'seven handsome little volumes' in gilt bindings of the *Parent's Assistant* and *Sandford and Merton*, which Amelia Osborne purchased for Georgy at 'Darton's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.' Such, also, was the 24mo. edition of *Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales*, published, with copperplates and a woodcut frontispiece by Bewick, 'for the amusement of all those Little Masters and Misses who by Duty to their Parents and Obedience to their Superiors aim at becoming Great Lords and Ladies.'

Charles Lamb, writing in 1802, deplored the banishment of 'all the old classics of the nursery' by 'Mrs. Barbauld's Stuff,' but *Mother Bunch* is frankly concerned with 'amusement' rather than with instruction, and in the struggle for ascendancy between 'fantastic visions' and 'useful knowledge' which marked the children's literature of the first quarter of the nineteenth century,

the triumph of the fairy-tale over the 'moral tale' was well assured by 1830, when the three-year-old owner of the scrapbooks was finding in their pictured pages the keys which opened to him the gates of the world of wonder and romance.

The very mystery of the unexplained prints and inadequate titles and captions must have lent them a fascination which would stir a child's fancy as 'Alice' was stirred by the '*peep* of the passage' in Looking-Glass House: 'very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different beyond.' Who shall say what dreams of enchantment and adventure, of fun and frolic, have been woven round the undiscovered country 'beyond' these collections of stray scraps, crumbs from the tables of the Great Masters of Literature and Art?

The older scrapbook opens with a set of figures and groups cut from a sheet of characters, 'twopence coloured,' designed for a toy theatre: 'Sir Cravenpunch,' 'Earl Douglas,' 'Page to Douglas,' 'Bowmen Shooting at Earl Douglas's Page for a traitor,' 'Richard, second dress.' What dramatic possibilities are here, and how rich in suggestion are the portraits of great actors in famous parts scattered through the second scrapbook! Charles Kemble in *Ivanhoe*, wearing full plate armour and a plumed helmet, Edmund Kean, 'in the Dress presented to and worn by him on the occasion of his being chosen a CHIEF and PRINCE of the HURON TRIBE of INDIANS by the name of ALANIENOUIDET' on Saturday, October 7, 1826, Macready as Hotspur, from the *Dramatic Gazette*, Madame Vestris as a Broom Girl, Miss M. Tree as Coelio in *Native Land*, and the boy player, 'Master Burke,' as 'Bluster Bubble,' 'Jack Ratline,' 'Master Socrates Camelon,' or 'Napoleon Buonaparte.'

The second scrapbook introduces 'Little Master' to Greek sculpture and Italian painting, to the English pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilkie and Cosway, and to illustrated editions of the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Its tattered pages are crowded with a fine confusion of steel engravings, mezzotints, coloured plates and early lithographs, in which serious and sentimental subjects alternate with garish caricatures, broadly humorous sketches, and picture riddles and conundrums. Delicate engravings and colour prints of Regency London, or of English country houses and market towns, mingle oddly with ponderous memorials to Princess Amelia and George the Third, and portraits of statesmen and generals, scholars, poets and divines. Historical episodes, sporting prints, and views of Irish and Welsh

scenery are interspersed with studies of still life, brightly painted flowers, birds and butterflies, soldiers in brilliant uniforms, and peasants in national costumes.

In their swift transitions and careless jumble of incongruous elements, both scrapbooks seem as irrational and incoherent as a dream. But dreamland leads to Wonderland, and a child's imagination needs but little external stimulus to enable it to create a fairy world of secret magic for itself. As I close the second book and put the two old volumes back in their oak chest, my own lost childhood lives once more, and behind it stretches a long vista of other childhoods, Victorian and Georgian. 'Little Master' and 'Little Miss,' Harry and Lucy, Rosamund and Godfrey, Sandford and Merton, come out of their dim past to join hands across the years with David Copperfield and Maggie Tulliver, 'Alice' and 'Jackanapes,' Peter Pan and Christopher Robin, and all the children who never grow up.

*In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die.*

Lewis Carroll, 'Through the Looking-Glass.'

THE RUNNING BROOKS.

- The Literary Career of Sir Joshua Reynolds* : Frederick Whiley Hilles (Cambridge University Press, 15s. n.).
- The Rule of Taste : From George I to George IV* : John Steegmann (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. n.).
- The Onlie Begetter* : Ulric Nisbet (Longmans, 6s. n.).
- The Grand Old Man : A Gladstone Spectrum* : George Edinger and E. J. C. Neep (Methuen, 10s. 6d. n.).
- The Fortunes of Harriette* : Angela Thirkell (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d. n.).
- Don Gypsy* : Walter Starkie, Litt.D. (Murray, 10s. 6d. n.).
- Wanderings in Yugoslavia* : Nora Alexander (Skeffington, 18s.).
- My Garden by the Sea* : R. A. Foster-Melliar (Bell, 6s. n.).
- Trent's Own Case* : E. C. Bentley and H. Warner Allen (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.).
- Strange Coast* : Liam Pawle (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d. n.).
- The Sea's a Thief* : R. M. Lockley (Longmans, 7s. 6d. n.).
- Main Line West* : Paul Horgan (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.).

BASED largely on the Reynolds Manuscripts preserved in the Royal Academy, Professor Hilles's *The Literary Career of Sir Joshua Reynolds* is designed to present a single phase of Reynolds's life, a phase which, though relatively insignificant to the world at large, was by no means unimportant in the eyes of the great painter himself, for it was 'his ambition, particularly near the end of his life, to be considered an equally proficient writer.' The book is the fruit of much scholarship and careful research and throws an interesting light, not only upon the man himself and the literary friendships which he cultivated so assiduously, but also upon a subject that, as Professor Hilles points out, has hitherto received scant attention—how, as distinct from why, the famous Discourses were written. It contains in addition three valuable appendices, the last consisting of Reynolds's own account of his quarrel with the Royal Academy.

The name of Reynolds, both as painter and writer, naturally occurs also a considerable number of times in Mr. John Steegmann's fascinating volume, *The Rule of Taste*, in which his survey of 'the various changes in the arts of architecture, gardening and painting' that took place between the deaths of Wren and Kneller in 1723 and the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 is couched in delightful literary style and makes very entertaining as well as instructive reading. Described by its author as an essay, the book covers a wide field, and is indeed a most illuminating and comprehensive

study of that system or 'Rule' which, during the Hanoverian period, governed the conceptions of correct 'Taste,' and of its political and social backgrounds.

Yet another lance has been broken by Mr. Ulric Nisbet in the crowded lists of controversy concerning the identity of the mysterious 'Mr. W. H.' of Shakespeare's Sonnets. *The Onlie Begetter* is a well-documented, eminently readable little book in which the author sets forth the claims of William Harbert of Red Castle, Montgomeryshire, to be the prototype of Shakespeare's 'beloved friend,' and, though it is difficult to say that he has actually proved his case, he has at any rate propounded a theory which wears a real air of probability. The only weak link in his chain of argument is the doubt as to whether this William Harbert and Shakespeare ever were together—though it is possible they may have been.

Many years ago Mr. Edward Gordon Craig, in one of his classic volumes on stage technique, suggested that a playwright before working out the detail of action and dialogue of his various scenes would be well advised to construct a mental colour-scheme symbolical of their emotional and dramatic content. Some such idea seems to have governed the structural plan-laying of Mr. George Edinger and Mr. E. J. C. Neep, authors of *The Grand Old Man*. For they have called their book 'A Gladstone Spectrum' and labelled each of its sections with an appropriate colour—a suggestive method, if perhaps less effective as applied to biographical narrative than to drama. As for the book itself, it gives a vigorous, lucid, often compelling presentation of a personality and a period. It is all done with an almost cinematic urgency and swiftness, easy to read, easy to visualise, and leaves a clear-cut impression of one in whom, in his old age, 'the new generation saw more than a man' and 'looked with wondering envy upon a character so mighty and so steadfast in belief.'

Those who read the letters of Harriette Wilson to Lord Byron which appeared, edited by Peter Quennell, in the CORNHILL for April 1935, will be specially interested by Mrs. Thirkell's *The Fortunes of Harriette*. Since Harriette's own Memoirs have found a place amongst the classics it is good that there should be a reminder of who Harriette Wilson was and of that fame which she so fully enjoyed. In this biography the authoress has wisely allowed Harriette to tell her own story as far as possible and refrained from weighing the propriety of her most remarkable career.

As one reads Professor Walter Starkie's vigorous, witty, bril-

liantly coloured account of his last year's journey, *Don Gypsy*, as a wandering minstrel through Barbary, Andalusia, and La Mancha, one is often in doubt whether his qualities as author, musician, or scholar deserve the highest tribute. Not that it really matters because it is the combination of all three which makes his book so vivid and memorable an experience. They are no 'tourist trophies' which Professor Starkie brings back from his travels, but records of genuine intimacy with gypsies, beggars, people of all sorts and conditions to whose every-day fellowship—and even 'blood brotherhood'—his own remarkable individuality as a man and acknowledged skill as a musician have admitted him. Here is life as the adventuring troubadours of all time have known it—gay or tragic, uncomfortable or carousing, wearying or inspired. But always life, not its picturesque similitude.

Mrs. Nora Alexander may also be accounted as one of those who travel not so much to see as to know, since in the course of her *Wanderings in Yugoslavia*—wanderings mostly on foot with one woman companion and a knapsack for luggage—she too came into actual contact with the peasant inhabitants of those regrettably little-known countries. For the two women, tramping the often lonely by-ways of Serbia, Bosnia, Montenegro, Macedonia, and Dalmatia, were entertained by monks and mountain shepherds, talked with bandits and murderers, were invited to weddings, and even arrested for being in possession of a camera and an ear-phone. It is a lively, adventurous book, excellently illustrated, and contains, in addition to its entertaining narrative of personal experience, a great deal of historical and up-to-date information about some of the loveliest places in the world.

Mr. R. A. Foster-Melliard's *My Garden by the Sea* is about a garden as well as gardening, from which it may be understood that it is as much a source of delight for the layman as of technical wisdom for the experimenter faced with the particular circumstances implied in its title. A really charming book, humorous, sensitive, practical, and unsentimental.

Mr. E. C. Bentley has one point of resemblance with the late C. M. Doughty who visited Arabia in his youth, wrote by far the best book upon it that has ever appeared, and then retired to Theberton in Essex. In 1913 Mr. Bentley wrote 'Trent's Last Case,' which is, by universal consent, the best detective story ever written. For twenty-three years he has watched myriads of rivals with a tolerant, kindly smile, and now at last he has

broken his self-imposed silence, in company with Mr. H. Warner Allen whose specialist part in the new book may easily be divined, and has given us another detective story associated with Philip Trent. There must be many thousands who have felt impelled to buy and read the new book but are approaching it with trepidation, fearing lest their first love may be a little impaired by new adventure. These may rest assured. In *Trent's Own Case* we have the same Philip Trent, whimsical, charming, and brilliant, and it is not his fault if the mystery on which he finds himself engaged has not quite the charm or the unique distinction that surrounded the murder of Sigsbee Manderson. For one reader at any rate the interest of the story lay rather in the investigation than in the identification; and there is no Mr. Cupples. But it is splendidly written and holds the interest from first to last. 'Trent's Last Case' stands in a class by itself: *Trent's Own Case* is a great deal better than almost anybody else has written.

Strange Coast, by Liam Pawle (a *nom-de-plume* covering the identity of two people—is one of them a woman?), is an unusually successful combination of melodrama and realism often satirically and always vividly woven into an exciting tale of international finance, a tragic revolt against the Soviet administration in Meskhia, and the star-doomed love-story of a beautiful Englishwoman and the picturesque royal leader of the revolution.

The Sea's a Thief, by R. M. Lockley, has the less spectacular, but finely drawn, background of a Pembrokeshire fishing-village and the instinctive rivalry between the love of the women for the land and of their menfolk for the sea. It is a simple story, warm and moving in its traditional colour and sentiment, written to the beat of a recurring rhythm as significant and relentless as the ebb and flow of the tides.

As for Mr. Paul Horgan's *Main Line West*—whose 'No Quarter Given' won him so distinctive a place in the ranks of contemporary American novelists—it is, one hopes, only the opening volume of the story of Danny, child of a travelling salesman and his deserted wife whose pacifist appeals in the course of her war-time preaching as an itinerant evangelist result in her death. It is an extraordinarily vital book, quiet, restrained, and beautifully toned, the sort of book that makes one wonder suddenly, long after reading it, what the people in it are doing—the work of a fine technician whose skill in the arts of selection and elimination is one of the strongest weapons of his creative power.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 153.

THE EDITOR of the CORNHILL offers two prizes of books to the value of £1 from John Murray's catalogue, to the two solvers of the Literary Acrostic whose letters are opened first. Answers must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must contain the Coupon from page v of the preliminary pages of this issue. They must reach the Editor by the 25th July.

'the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
_____ was the _____ mine.'

1. 'To-night retired, the queen of heaven
 With young _____(n) stays;
 And now to Hesper it is given
 Awhile to rule the vacant sky.'
2. 'Out upon _____, I have loved
 Three whole days together!'
3. 'Beauty is _____, _____ beauty,—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'
4. '_____ loathed Melancholy'
5. '_____ let the Fancy roam,'
6. 'Although a subtler Sphinx renew
 _____ of death Thebes never knew.'

Answer to Acrostic 151, May number: 'Full many a gem of *PUREST* ray
SERENE (Gray's 'Elegy'). 1. *ProgresS* (Gray: 'The Progress of Poetry').
2. *UsE* (Keats: 'Fancy'). 3. *RangeR* (Walter Scott: 'Brignall Banks').
4. *ElsE* (Wordsworth: 'Perfect Woman'). 5. *StygiaN* (Landon: 'Dirce').
6. *TwicE* (Coleridge: 'Kubla Khan').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley, Godalming, and G. F. Allen, Esq., 22 St. Mary's Crescent, Isleworth. These two solvers are invited to choose books to the value of £1 from John Murray's catalogue.

